

100 Years Ago: Battle of Nashville

The End Came  
on Shy'sGranny White Pike, Harding Place  
Marks the Scene of Hood's Defeat

By HUGH WALKER

A HUNDRED YEARS ago the thunder of heavy guns shook homes around Nashville. Powder smoke curled around proud battle flags of the Blue and the Gray. The cries of wounded men, the harsh commands of officers and the popping of small arms fire echoed off the hills.

At 4 o'clock, on the afternoon of December 16, the artillery fire suddenly ceased around a high hill west of Granny White Pike at what is now Harding Place—farm land then but now in the residential section of Metropolitan Nashville.

As the cannon hushed 25,000 men in the Confederate Army of Tennessee, led by their crippled general, John Bell Hood, drove home their rammed and waited behind their breastworks. They knew what was coming.

Gen. George H. Thomas' Federal army of 55,000 men took a deep breath, cheered mightily and began to charge. From three sides they came, climbing, stumbling, holding to saplings. Confederate bullets stopped some—but not enough—and as the men in blue jumped into the breastworks, the men in gray were overrun.

## Turning Point

It was the turning point in the great Civil War. It was Nashville—the battle that ended the war in the West and foretold the end at Appomattox.

The stage had been set for battle two weeks before when the Confederate Army of Tennessee marched within sight and sound of the city, looking for a fight. Its tattered banners, rising above the smoke, could be dimly seen through the smoke of innumerable campfires.

There was no good reason, most historians say, why the Army of Tennessee was there. It was a battered but not a beaten army, hoping to change its luck. It had fought at Stones River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge and Atlanta.

In ice and snow, mud and dust, fighting blood on every battle field. And two weeks before, it had been at the height of its strength, the picket stakes and mine balls at Franklin.

Gen. John B. Hood, commanding the army, had lost a leg and the use of an arm in previous battles, but he had not lost the will to fight. And he was because he knew that the army was there, digging into familiar soil, rising whatever the enemy had to offer.

Hood had decided to push on to Nashville after the Battle of Franklin for reasons his biographer, Dyer, said were almost pathetic. "The situation being desperate, he decided to advance."

Hood put it another way. "Our army was in that position," he wrote, "which rendered it more judicious to advance rather than retreat."

What Hood's men thought about it is another matter. In

Map on back  
page of section.

the past two years they had faced many "decisive" battles, and for the space, time and number of men engaged, Franklin had been the bloodiest of them all. Most were poorly clothed. Some wrapped hides around their feet because they had no shoes. They were not equipped to withstand the bitter weather that struck them in Nashville in December.

Sam Watkins described the situation of Hood's army from the point of view of a private soldier.

"We bivouac on the cold and hard frozen ground. The earth is crusted with snow, and the wind is piercing our very bones. We can see our sagged soldiers, with sunken cheeks and famished-looking eyes. Where were we none. General B. F. Cheatham himself was the only surviving member of his old division."

Some of the raw-boned horsemen stood shivering under the ice-covered trees, nibbling the cold and hard frozen ground. They were not allowed to have fires at night, and their thin and ragged blankets were but poor protection against the cold, raw and biting winds of the winter. The coldest ever known. I can tell you nothing of what was going on among the generals. But there we were."

Hood had taken up his position in the hills south of Nashville, the Confederate commander had two weeks—although he had no way of

Gen. George H. Thomas  
The victor at Nashville

knowing that—to prepare for battle. He did what he could.

First Hood ordered the construction of small redoubts or fortifications on his flanks, intended to check enemy attacks from that quarter. The best known of these, since they were to figure in the battle, were those along the Hillsboro Pike.

## Five Forts

There were five of these redoubts, the first two on the east side of the pike near the present Woodmont Boulevard, connected by the Confederate line. The last three were detached, and were located west of the pike, about a mile apart, extending southward. The last in line, Number 5, was the present home of Clark Gower.

Hood's next move was to divide Forrest's Cavalry, sending Chalmers' division to the left wing to operate between the redoubts and the Cumberland River. With his remaining two divisions Forrest set out along the railroad to Murfreesboro, taking and blockhouses as he went.

Hood later detached Gen. William B. Bate's division, along with the small brigades of Sears and Palmer, for an attack on the Federal garrison at Murfreesboro. This "Third Battle of Murfreesboro" was fought on Overall's Creek. The upshot of it was the Federals were not dislodged, and continued to hold the town.

Confederate cavalry—some of the infantry, and vice versa. Bate was ordered back to Nashville with his division. But when the great battle came, Forrest well have been in the vicinity of Murfreesboro, and his absence was a sad loss for the Confederates. One of the Federals divisions, Buford's, was in the vicinity of the Hermitage, on the Lebanon Road.

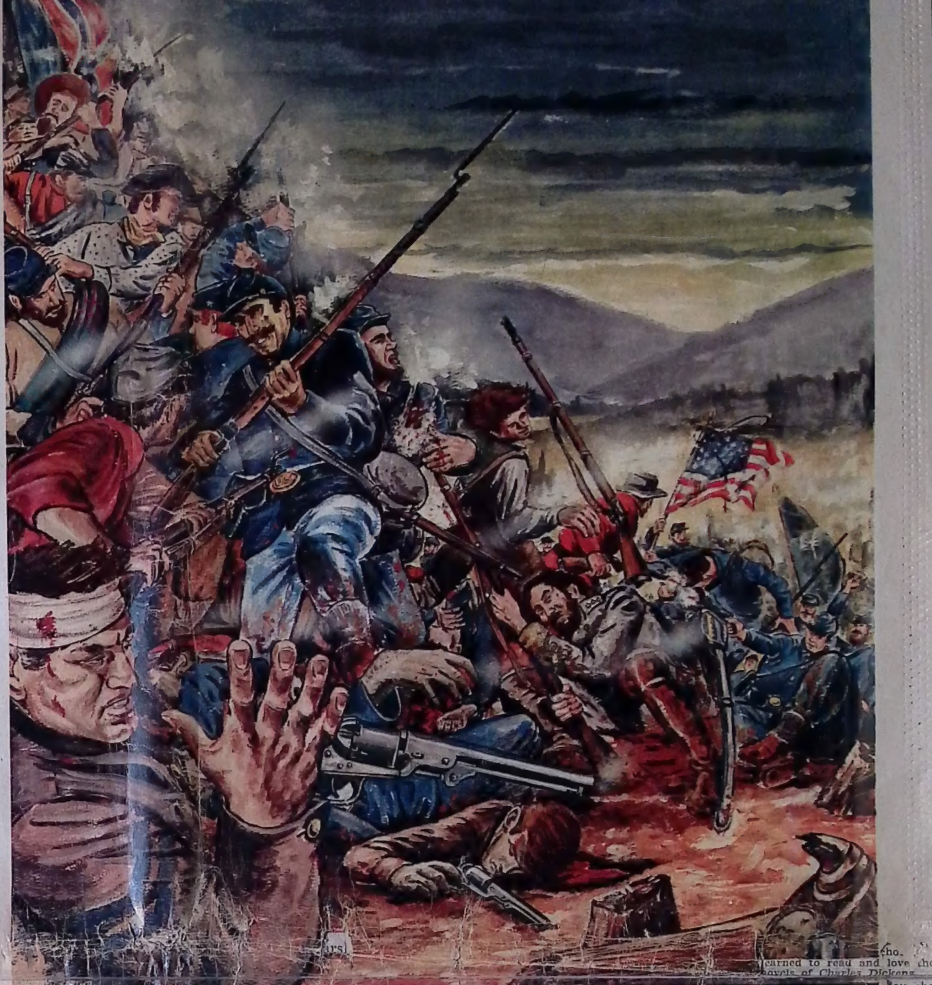
To the west, below Nashville on the river, Chalmers sent two pieces of artillery to a point opposite Bell's Mill, 12 miles below Nashville, blockading the river. Kelley was one day too late, however, to block the Federal reinforcement coming up the Cumberland.

## Within the City

Meanwhile, as all this was going on beyond the suburbs, the Federals in Nashville had their own problems.

General George H. Thomas, an old army man from Virginia, had made a reputation for himself at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. But he was not in the good graces of the Confederate command. In chief, U. S. Grant, Thomas Grant believed, was "slow" on the offensive.

On November 30, the day Hood's attacks were beaten back at Franklin, Thomas had but 5,000 men in Nashville. On the next day he had 15,000 men as the Federal army of two corps streamed in from Franklin. A. J. Smith's corps arrived by river from Missouri, and



Federal troops charge up Shy's Hill and break the Confederate line to decide the Battle of Nashville.

Steedman brought miscellaneous forces from Chattanooga.

Thomas now had two men for every man in Hood's army, and within a few days his force had reached 55,000—no more than enough, he thought, to attack troops behind breastworks. But the Federal commander had another matter to attend to—he wanted to re-quip Gen. James M. Wilson's cavalry.

Thomas was an old cavalryman himself, and he appreciated the value of that arm of the service. He recognized the 27-year-old Wilson as an able young general, and he wanted to give him a force that could meet and over power Confederate

cavalrymen under the "Wizard of the Saddle," Nathan Bedford Forrest.

Wilson got the best. Thomas secured the country for horses, taking every one he could find except those owned by the widows of President James K. Polk and teams belonging to the lunatic asylum. Circumstances of the city and the time teams owned by veterans and Johnnies were impressed for service. Across the river, in Edgefield, Wilson shod his horses and drew new clothing and equipment. Within 10 days he had 12,000 cavalrymen, organized in three divisions, 9,000 of them

mounted. All of these men were armed with the new Spencer repeating holding seven cartridges, and the magazine and one in the chamber. It was a weapon that gave them a tremendous firepower advantage over the Confederates, firing single-shot muzzle loaders. Thomas did well to take his time in equipping this splendid mobile force for it was to turn the tide of battle when the showdown came.

## Hard Lessons

As for Wilson himself, he was one of the most colorful commanders in either army. He had served as a staff officer

under McClellan and Grant, and as a cavalry officer, had learned some hard lessons in combat with N. B. Forrest. Taking a leaf from the Confederate viceroy's book, he used horses to transport his men to the scene of action, left the horses out of range and sent his men into battle on foot. This proved a costly and reduced by two-thirds the size of the target presented the enemy.

Thomas had still another problem that made him as uncomfortable in Nashville as Hood was in the cold hills. He did not enjoy the confidence

of his literary superiors in Washington and City Point, Virginia. Secretary of War Edwin Stanton, Chief of Staff Henry "Old Brains" Halleck and U. S. Grant knew little of Hood's limitations, or of the actual situation in Nashville. In their dreams they saw a rampaging Confederate army streaming across the Cumberland, by-passing Nashville, and plunging through undefended Kentucky to the Ohio River.

It turned out that on the eighth of December, with little more than a week (Turn to Page 4)

## What if the South Had Won at Nashville?

By STANLEY F. HORN

IT IS HARD to imagine anything more unprofitable and ineffective than to speculate on the "ifs" of history. Somehow or other, however, such speculation holds an irresistible fascination for those who enjoy studying the by-paths as well as the main-traveled highways of our historical background.

Suppose, for instance, that the Moore had defeated Charles Marshall at the battle of Franklin in 1862. A.D. Would this have resulted in a Moslem Europe, with Christianity reduced to a fugitive splinter sect?

Suppose some less towering and indomitable figure than George Washington had been the leader of the ragged, half-starved soldiers of the American Revolution. Would this continent now be one of the brightest stars in the crown of a still powerful British Empire?

Suppose Adolf Hitler had led the moral crusade against France and Belgium had surrendered to press on across the English Channel and to power a well-lighted defenseless Britain. Would this have resulted in a negotiated peace which might have averted the tragedy of World War II?

Or, to localize these might-have-beens of history, suppose the outcome of the battle of Nashville in December, 1864, had been reversed. What if the Federal forces under General Thomas had been defeated and scattered, with Nashville and its vast stores of military supplies in the hands of a victorious Confederate army, with no potent force of organized Federal troops to stand in the way of its advance northward?

A fantastic idea? General U. S. Grant, whose military judgment is highly respected, did not think so. He envisioned the probability of such a Confederate army, flushed with victory, marching on to the Ohio River and occupying the Northern cities—Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago and beyond. And would not the Confederate occupation of any one of these cities have

been glad to accept a peace without victory.

## Another Destiny

General Grant said in his memoirs that the Confederates could have prolonged the war in the West into the summer of 1865. That would have been necessary to prolong the war into the summer of 1865. That would have been necessary to prolong the war into the summer of 1865. That would have been necessary to prolong the war into the summer of 1865.

Some students of history think that the Confederate States of America, even though it had gained its independence then, bore within itself the seed of its own inevitable destruction. They think that the territory between Canada and Mexico, stretching from ocean to ocean, might well have been organized into two or three or four independent republics which could have lived peacefully side by side, perhaps with treaties of mutual defense.

Whether the Confederate States of America, having

gained its independence, could have maintained it is, obviously, a question for which there is no certain answer. One thing that does seem certain, however, is that the Confederacy, if it had been established in 1862, instead of being pinned together with bayonets, would not have been citizens of a great world power, with involvements and responsibilities all over the face of the earth—and with a national debt to match.

## Hard To Survive

On the other hand, if the Confederate States of America had achieved its independence in 1862, it might have been difficult in surviving as such. Even though its state of state did not split asunder on the rock of states' rights, it might have found it desirable eventually, in self-defense, to reunite with the Northern states or to seek alliance with some powerful foreign nation.

Admittedly, all such speculation is an idle waste of time, based on guesswork, with one man's guess as good as another's. But it is always interesting to dream of what might have been the consequences of the stream of history if Chicago were not awakened from its morning in early 1863 by the clatter of Bedford Forrest's horses on the cobblestone streets amid the piercing scream of his troopers' rebel yell.

Any such dream, of course, is predicated on the assumption that the Battle of Nashville was THIS decisive battle in the Civil War. Have we not been lulled by the comfortable assumption? Before answering too quickly, let us consider the pertinent facts, as recorded in history.

## None Better

The Battle of Nashville "has been generally accepted as a perfect exemplification of the art of war," according to one of our nation's leading military authorities. In the words of another historian, "No battle of the war was better planned, and none was so nearly carried out to the letter of the plan as the Battle of Nashville. It had been

said that this plan is the only one of the entire war that I now studied as a model in European military schools."

What is more impressive, however, is that there has been a growing tendency to recognize the fact that the engagement, the high water mark of the Confederacy's last aggressive action, was a battle that actually decided the outcome of the War Between the States. Indeed, as referred to it as "A victory unprecedented in its decisive nature."

The use of these terms, of course, naturally raises the question: Just what is a decisive battle? Considering the present position of world power occupied by the United States of America, it seems safe to say that any battle that definitely affected the history of this country, did correspondingly affect the history of the world. Obviously, therefore, any battle that exerted a really decisive influence on the Civil War's final result must be considered a decisive battle in the wider application of that term. And

a careful consideration of the facts, and the supporting opinions of qualified military and historical experts, provide ample support for such a claim for the Battle of Nashville.

It is an impressive fact that, aside from the Battle of Nashville, all the engagements of the war were strategically indecisive. There were several battles which had more men engaged or involved more prominent commanders, or had greater casualties, or received greater publicity. But none of these battles was decisive, for the simple reason that they did not decide anything.

The first full-scale clash of arms was at Manassas, or Bull Run, in the summer of 1861. It resulted in a crushing victory over the Confederates and the total rout and defeat of the Federal forces—but it was in no sense a decisive battle, because nothing came of it. The Confederates rested complacently on their laurels, giving the Federals a mere time to patch together the pieces of their broken army and prepare for another campaign. Then, the following summer, Lee administered a stinging defeat to McClellan in the battles around Richmond. There was support for long wait, and then a brilliant victory for the Confederates at Second Manassas—but the war went right ahead. Meanwhile, in Tennessee, there had been the bloody battle of Shiloh—but, for all its shocking toll of dead and wounded, it decided nothing.

Other battles, accompanied by great bloodshed and less life-faltering as the months and years went by: Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Atlanta in the West; Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness and Cold Harbor in the East. And these famous major engagements were bitterly contested, with staggering casualties on both sides. Yet none of these battles was decisive. Followers of these battles there was a lull for reinforcement,

refreshment and preparation, and then the two adversaries were at each other's throats again.

And so the war dragged on—until the Battle of Nashville, the climactic engagement. After Nashville there were no more battles of material import. Within four months the war was over.

## Turning the Left

To appreciate the supreme significance and importance of the Battle of Nashville, it should be borne in mind that the over-all big-strategy of the Federal armies was to turn the Confederate left. The first effective step in this direction was taken when the Federals captured Fort Henry and Davidson early in 1862, giving them control of the important Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers. Later, in 1863, the fall of Vicksburg completed the Federal conquest of the Mississippi and cut the Confederacy in half. But so long as the Army of Tennessee remained in the field as an effective fighting force, the Confederates left flank, however straitened and hard

pressed, could be maintained intact.

It was not until the Army of Tennessee was crushed at Nashville that the fate of the Confederacy left, and of the Confederacy, was sealed. After the fall of Nashville, the ultimate outcome of the war was then beyond question. On the one hand, the Confederates won the Battle of Nashville, the Confederates carried the battle-flags to the banks of the Ohio in a vigorous offensive movement, as they would have been able to do, the whole aspect of the military situation would have been changed.

There has been an inclination on the part of too many historians and writers to assume that the Confederates, if they had won at Nashville, and that Hood's plan to capture the city and the rich store of ammunition and supplies was fantastic. It can not be too strongly emphasized that the fact that nobody seemed to think it fantastic at the time. On the contrary, General Thomas, the Federal commander at Nashville, revealed a very genuine fear that Hood's plan of campaign would be successful—in an apprehension that was shared by Chief of Staff Henry W. Halleck, Secretary of War Edwin Stanton and President Lincoln.

Grant, then in supreme command of all the Federal military effort in all theaters of activity, was keenly aware of the dire consequences to the Federal cause if Nashville should fall, thereby freeing Hood's Army of Tennessee to operate offensively through Kentucky to the north and east, with Nashville as a well-stocked base of supplies. Grant not only did not consider Hood's plan impractical, but he was so concerned in discussing it after the war that he wrote: "If I had been in Hood's place," Grant said, "I would have taken Louisville and on north until I came to Chicago. . . . I was



Stanley Horn

Stanley F. Horn, author, editor and chairman of the Tennessee Civil War Centennial Commission, is one of the nation's foremost authorities on the Civil War and the Battle of Nashville. In this article, based on years of experience and study, he examines a startling hypothetical question: "What if the South had won?"

Gen. John B. Hood  
If they had reached...

Gen. Nathan B. Forrest  
...The Ohio River!



# 100 Years Ago Nashville Was an Unhappy City

## Hopes Flared, Died In Roar of Guns

WHEN Nashville fell to the Federals, in the early spring of 1862, Harper's Weekly took note of the Northern victory with a double-page spread on the city which contained the drawings shown here. The cover that week was a full-page portrait of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, the "hero of Fort Donelson."

Along with the drawings, Harper's published the following report on the city.

"On page 152 we give a view of the city of Nashville, Tennessee, from a sketch kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. R. J. Meigs, a loyal citizen of Nashville, now resident in New York.

"It is, as everybody knows, the capital of Tennessee and is a fine city of about 20,000 inhabitants situated on the Cumberland River. Two bridges, a railroad bridge (McCallum truss) and an iron suspension bridge span the river opposite to the city.

"Nashville stands on a bluff on the south side of the river. It is surrounded by hills, which render its defense extremely difficult against an army approaching from various points. The large building of which we give a picture herewith is the capitol of Tennessee, a new and handsome structure, Governor (Isham G.) Harris lives in a little shanty opposite the capitol, which was used by the architects during its construction. He is too mean to take lodgings in a hotel."

"We likewise append a fine view of the fine railroad bridge across the Cum-

berland, which reports stated the Rebels have destroyed.

### Lifted a Column

Harper's then "lifted" a column of information on Nashville from the New York Herald. Among other items the Herald reported:

"The population of Nashville before the rebellion was 24,000, but has since much decreased. (After Federal occupation it grew rapidly.)

"There are five railroads radiating from Nashville—viz., the Tennessee and Alabama, Louisville and Nashville, Memphis and Ohio, Hickman and Nashville, and Chattanooga and Nashville and Northwestern.

"The new (state) capitol is approached by four avenues which rise from terrace to terrace by broad marble steps. The edifice is considered the handsomest State Capitol in the Union.

"The new court house is a large building on the public square. . . . The State Bank is a handsome Doric building.

"Gas was introduced into the city in February, 1850.

"The neighborhood of Nashville is a famous stock raising country, and has a high reputation for blood horses, jackasses, mules, cattle, sheep, hogs and Cashmere goats.

"The leading business of the city is in dry goods, hardware, drugs and groceries.

"Book publishing is carried on more extensively than in any other Western town, and the publishing house of the Southern Methodist Conference is one of the largest book manufactures in the United States.

### City Had Fallen

Harper's then concluded:

"At the hour we close this re-



This "general view of the city of Nashville, Tennessee" appeared in Harper's Weekly when the Federal Army captured the city in the early

spring of 1862. The drawing was made from the river bank, in the vicinity of the present General Hospital.

ord the telegraph reports that the gun-boats and General Buell reached Nashville late last week, and that the city surrendered."

At the time of the Battle of Nashville, and from the beginning of the Civil War, Nashville adhered to the Confederacy. The decision to join with the seceded states did not come easy, nor was it unanimous.

Following President Lincoln's call for troops a group of distinguished Nashvillians issued a public address to the people of Tennessee which said:

"We unqualifiedly disapprove of secession, both as a continuing right and as a remedy for existing evils. The present duty of Tennessee is to maintain a position of independence, taking

### Confederate Arsenal

Personal opinions aside, the city, along with the state, was caught up in the war. In the early spring of 1861 Nashville went on a war footing, and various organizations were set up to aid the Confederate war effort. The city quickly became an arsenal of supplies for the Confederacy, as it later became for the Federal army.

Some of the more ambitious citizens dreamed of moving the Southern capital from Montgomery to Nashville, and the State Capitol was offered to the Confederacy. The city was moved to Richmond.

In the early winter of the next year Nashville's citizens were plunged into a state of panic when Fort Donelson and Henry fell to Union Gen. U. S. Grant, and the loss of the city became inevitable. When the news reached Nashville the people were beside themselves with terror.

### A Day of Panic

"Never before or since," wrote Horn, "has Nashville experienced such a tragic day of blind panic. All through that terrible turbulent Sabbath (Feb. 16) the terror-stricken men, women and children surged through the city's streets."

During this panic plunderers and looters attempted to take home all they could of Confederate stores that would otherwise be destroyed or fall into the hands of the Federals. The looting was stopped when Confederate Gen. Nathan B. Forrest rode into town. His cavaliers used the flat of their sabers and a fire-hose on the mob until order was restored.

When the blue-coated Yankees marched in with their hands playing Yankee Doodle a few Union sympathizers displayed their Stars and Stripes, but the Federals were unimpressed by this display of "hunting." Most Nashvillians remained in their homes, or got out of town. "An air of gloom," Horn remarks, "hung heavily over the whole city."

### Thrown Into Jail

For the rest of the war Nashville was an occupied city. Many prominent citizens were thrown into the state penitentiary for one cause or another, including six of the city's clergymen.

A puppet municipal government was set up which proved ineffective and Horn quoted a local paper:

"The health of Nashville is wonderful considering the amount of filth that is to be found in the streets and alleys. When the sun shines out these hot days after a light fall of rain, it is absolutely nauseating to pass through, even our most frequented thoroughfares."

The Federals proceeded to fortify the city, impressing Negro labor to build Fort Negley and other fortifications. Some of these unfortunate people were taken bodily from church services and put to work on the fortifications. The big guns roared as the Confederate cavaliers of Forrest and Morgan swept to the very edge of the city.

Life in occupied Nashville, Horn wrote, developed into patterns similar to those in occupied France during World War II. He divided the citizens into four groups:

1 Some sincerely loyal Union men who eagerly welcomed the blue-clad armies.

2 Some unprincipled collaborationists, actuated by sordid and selfish motives, who played to the winning side for private gain.

3 Some who collaborated, but with their fingers crossed, because that seemed to be the easiest way to do the most good for the Confederacy.

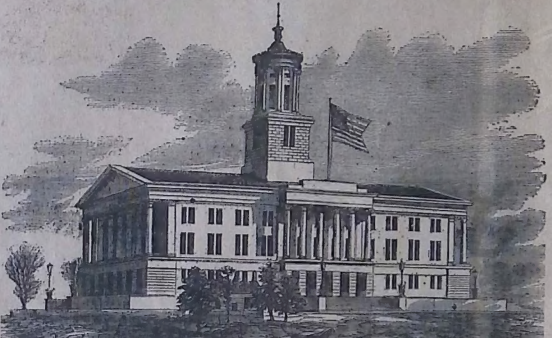
4 A minority constituted an active and tireless underground, smuggling medicines and weapons into the Confederate lines.

When the Federals marched out to fight at Stone's River, Gen. O. M. Mitchell, Federal officer commanding, threatened the city with destruction.

"If Rosecrans is driven back," Mitchell swore, "not one stone of Nashville shall be left upon another. I'll blow the damned town to fragments if I am compelled to leave it."

When Hood's army moved on Nashville in December of 1864 hope leaped once more in the hearts of the Confederates, and Union sympathizers were disturbed. In hostile, sullen crowds the people gathered on hill tops and at the State Capitol. But hope died as swiftly as it had risen, and as Horn put it:

"It was a bitter Christmas and an unhappy New Year for the people of Nashville."



The American flag has not always floated from the cupola of the State Capitol as it now does. This drawing in Harper's of March, 1862, shows the Union flag flying from the roof top behind the tower.

## WHEN THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE WAS FOUGHT 100 YEARS AGO



## THE HERITAGE OF George T. Brodnax WAS 200 YEARS OLD

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Railroad bridge over the Cumberland at Nashville. From a drawing published in Harper's Weekly.



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## Romance and Flags

## Six Girls Waited...

As Hood's Battered Confederates Marched Toward Nashville

By HUGH WALKER

THE DATE was Friday, December 2, 1864, and the Confederate Army of Tennessee was marching from Franklin toward Nashville.

No bells were ringing, as for the Romans on the Appian Way. No hands played. It was a somber, silent, battered army hoping for the best and expecting the worst.

But one thing this army had as it marched up the Franklin Pike to its old stampland grounds. The girls had heard the boys were coming home again—after three long years—and they were waiting.

There they were, six of them, in buttons and hoop skirts and crinolines, caps and bonnets—"much excited," as Colonel W. Dudley Gale put it, chattering, laughing, waving and, perhaps, crying for joy.

In his letter to his wife Colonel Gale listed the girls' names: Mary Bradford, Miss Maxwell, Miss May, Miss Becky Allison, Mary Hadley and Buck Correy. For the rest of the century their names would be prominent in and around Nashville.

## Coming Home

It was no wonder the girls were excited as they stood by the road near Traveler's Rest. Their sweethearts and brothers were coming home again from Stone's River, the Chattanooga and Georgia campaigns—and from the bloody battle of Franklin. There, just two days before, 150 boys in gray had died before the Federal battle line.

Death and his pal, danger, were everywhere that day, hiding like rabbits in the broadsword fields. But these girls, and the soldiers passing by, had lived with war for nearly four years now. They were thinking of life and love, brown hair and blue eyes—and long-remembered kisses. If danger was in the air, so was romance!

## Mary Hadley

Take Mary Hadley, for instance.

Mary was 24 years old, the daughter of William and Mary Hadley. Her father had been a law partner of Felix Grundy, and had served as mayor of Franklin.

Mary was in love, and her sweetheart rode by that day in Hood's army. She must have waved, and perhaps found time for a little sweet talk, because ten exciting days later they were married in the Brentwood Methodist Church.

Mrs. William G. Ewald of Baltimore was, as a girl, Frances Moore of Nashville. And her great-grandmother was Mary Hadley's cousin. Mrs. Ewald brought to Nashville a copy of the only known portrait of Mary Hadley, which hangs in her Baltimore home.

Romance and battle were in the air, and while the Confederates labored to fortify their lines around Nashville, Major William Clark found time to go see his girl—and she found time to see him. On the 12th the Rev. Dr. Charles Quintard, a chaplain with Hood's army, came riding up from Franklin, and for the first time had business for him. There would be a wedding.

High Confederate officers were there, swords clanking and spurs jingling, as the wedding company met in the little Methodist Church at Brentwood. Becky Allison and White May were Mary Hadley's attendants as she walked down the aisle, while Dr. Peard and Major William E. Moore attended the groom.

When the ceremony was over Major Clark put \$200 in the bishop's hand—a sum which the clergyman urgently needed. He had sent his last dollar a few days before on proper burial for his friends killed at Franklin.

When Mary and Will had said "I do" and the good

bishop had pronounced them man and wife, the party proceeded to Traveler's Rest where John Overton II, son of the old judge, served a wedding feast. And then Mary and her new husband went on their pitifully brief honeymoon.

Mrs. Ann Snyder wrote of the feast, leaving his bride at the door of Traveler's Rest, while he rode toward the sound of guns. But that's not the way it happened. They were married on Monday, the 12th, and it was not until the 15th that the Yankees attacked. Mary Hadley, just as Colonel Gale wrote his wife, had a three-day honeymoon. And the way she spent it gave all the girls something to talk about for the time.

For the truth is Mary and Will spent their three nights and two days together in the Confederate lines, in the snow and ice-bound hills south of the city.

Did they sleep in a tent? Did General Hood find space for them at Lealand or Traveler's Rest? Did they find shelter in a small house or barn like the others?

We don't know—but there is a well-authenticated story that Mary felt a little faint on Tuesday morning, and the major sent to Traveler's Rest for some whiskey to treat what-ever ailed her.

But peace did come. Sick enough to come home. For two more nights she stayed on the line with her major. And she didn't leave until shells were flying and a vast army of men in blue were moving on the Confederate breastworks.

Mary went home then—because she had to. And the next day her major was gone with the rest of the Army of Tennessee, driven southward across the Duck and Tennessee rivers.

But peace did come, the next spring, and Mary's major returned. He was years of happy married life and two pretty boys—brought home by Lee and rode home on Annie. Annie married Charles Duncan, who owned Nashville's Duncan hotel, and their only son was killed in World War I. And Mary Lee? She married and went to a northern city, and there, perhaps, her descendants are living today.

## Mary Bradford

AND THEN there was a Mary Bradford—beautiful, brave and destined for a place in the history of Nashville and the Civil War. Mary lived on the Granny White Pike, and she had come across, perhaps on horseback, by one of the country lanes that in those days connected the pike to the Franklin Pike.

Mary Bradford's daughter, Miss Virginia Campbell Johns, lives in Nashville today, 1610 East Linden Avenue, and through her we know more about Mary than any of the other girls who smiled at the Confederate soldiers that December day.

Mary Bradford was born on Feb. 11, 1838, and on June 19, 1862 she would become the bride of a sweetheart and neighbor, John Johns, of Virginia ancestry, she was a descendant of Pocahontas and John Rolfe. She died on July

23, 1912, while on a visit to Rockville Center, Long Island, New York.

Mary Bradford was a beautiful girl—her pictures show it—and she had her mind on serving the South. On Dec. 15, during the afternoon of the first day of the Battle of Nashville, she made a place for herself in history. It happened like this:

Deas' brigade of Confederate troops, from the division of Gen. Edward Johnson, had been driven by Federal infantry from their positions along the Hillsboro Pike. These men had taken a boat, and they were retreating under orders, to a new position.

## Helping the Wounded

The Confederates had set up a field hospital near the Bradford house in a small school building, and here Mary Bradford was helping the surgeons with the wounded.

A Lieutenant Fitzpatrick of Alabama had his arm splinted. Miss Johns said, "He had no drugs, but Mary Bradford held the shattered arm while the surgeon cut it off. The lieutenant just looked into her eyes and made no sound. Her eyes were his anesthetic. Whether he lived or died, I don't know."

The surgeons ran out of bandages, and Mary ran up to the house to get linen sheets to make more. As she ran out of the house on to the battlefield, she met Deas' beaten brigade streaming to the rear, officers trying vainly to rally them.

In the name of God and country, Mary begged the soldiers to go back into the front line and fight. Miss Johns says they did rally momentarily. But it couldn't have been for long, because all accounts agree that the men

The scene was a cameo of Civil War history. The girls stood by the side of the road where the lane comes down from Traveler's Rest—eyes bright, hearts beating fast.

The soldiers came down the dusty road, and there were shoeless boys with beards among them—boys shoed into early manhood by the hard hand of war.

TENNESSEAN staff artist Jim Young has captured that moment of long ago in his painting. At the bottom of the page, reproduced from paintings and photos, are the six girls as they looked when they lived in Nashville.

It was a moment when tears and laughter were mingled by the jostling of war. And these girls and boys of long ago come alive again on this page.

continued to the front. But Mary Bradford had done her best.

"The men seemed utterly lethargic," wrote Colonel Gale, "and without interest in the battle. I never witnessed such want of enthusiasm, and began to fear for tomorrow."

General Hood did not fail to mention Mary Bradford's attempt to turn the tide of battle, and described her conduct in his official report. And Mary Bradford, as long as she lived, and now in memory, is the official heroine of the Battle of Nashville.

## White May

MARY WHITE MAY—who was Mary Bradford's friend—was usually called White

May. A few years before they had graduated from the Nashville Ladies' College together.

White, reading a paper on "Eloquence of Desolation" and Mary on "The Heroic of Common Life."

Together they had ridden in a carriage driven by "Uncle Alfred" to Murfreesboro, when Gen. Braxton Bragg commanded the Confederate army there. And Bragg had stood with the two girls on top of the carriage while the whole army marched in review.

The daughter of James May and Elizabeth Perkins, White May was born on Hill Road in a house which still stands. Although she never married she was a pretty girl, and probably did have a sweetheart in

the army—perhaps a soldier who never came home.

White was an "ardent partisan" according to Mrs. Mary T. Orr, who knew her well, and was known to smuggle boots, pistols and medicines to the Confederate army under her voluminous petticoats.

One such occasion she was searched by a Federal officer, who found the items he was looking for. "Well," said White, "I've often heard of a fellow feeling, but I've never experienced it until now."

White May was a mother to the children of her sister, who died young. She lived until 1888, and today she is remembered by a faded photograph, owned by Miss Virginia Johns. On the back is written: "Miss White May, school-mate and close friend of Mary Bradford."

## Mary Maxwell

MARY ELIZABETH MAXWELL was the second daughter of Jessie Maxwell. It was her uncle's land which was sold to Judge Overton for his plantation on Franklin Pike.

Her sister married the judge's son, and it was the Maxwell name that was given to Nashville's largest and most famous hotel, built just before the Civil War. It burned to the ground after more than a hundred years had passed.

Mrs. Orr remembers Mary Maxwell as a beautiful girl—but the executive type. She wanted a husband she could boss, said Mrs. Orr, but the right man never came along.

One time, however, Mary got a proposal while riding on the train. She was taking half a dozen children to Bon Air when a man boarded the car who supposed she was a widow, and the children were her own.

"See here," he said, "I'm a widower and I've got six children, too. I need a wife like you who knows how to handle them. Will you marry me?" Needless to say the answer was no, but Mary had a proposal to talk about.

In later years Miss Mary learned to use the telephone. One time a well-known bachelor got her number by mistake. Thinking he had the laundry, he demanded: "When are you going to send my shirt?"

"See here," he said, "I'm a widower and I've got six children, too. I need a wife like you who knows how to handle them. Will you marry me?"

—Painting by TENNESSEAN Staff Artist Jim Young

The date: Dec. 2, 1864.

on their honeymoon. Becky had three children, two of them being girls who never married, Rebecca Allen and Matilda Allison. They lived to be 87 and 90. But her son, A. J. Porter Jr., had children, and today a 5-year-old great-granddaughter of Becky is named Rebecca Allison Graves.

★ ★

Buck Correy

BUCK CORREY'S real name was Rebecca. But the day she was born, in Pennsylvania, a sister shouted, "Our Buck's come!" And from that day she was Buck.

When she was a girl of six Buck's parents brought her to Nashville. She was educated in a Catholic school and learned to read and love the novels of Charles Dickens.

Buck was 27 the day she waved at Hood's Confederates—but her heart was still her own. It was nine years later that she was married to David Alexander Shepherd in Nashville's old Christ Church. The Shepherds lived in Nashville and Fredericksburg, Va. until 1855 when they moved to Sewanee, where David Jr. would attend the grammar school.

Today Buck's granddaughter, Mrs. John Harvey Soper, still lives at Sewanee on the mountain, in a vine-covered house of Sewanee stone inside the house Buck's silver service is polished as bright as the days she used it, and her big punch bowl is something to see. Her great-grandchildren (and they've got children) are making places for themselves in the Twentieth Century world.

But none have forgotten Miss Buck, who waved to Hood and his Confederates that day—and once carried a pair of boots to a barefooted soldier, hidden under her hoop skirts.

What was Miss Buck like? Her granddaughter tells members: "She liked to have her way—and she usually did." In her later years Buck used to say: "I'm not long for this world." But it was not until 1919 that she died at Sewanee. She had lived to use the telephone, turn on the electric lights and ride in automobiles. And she had seen another great war pass into history.

★ ★

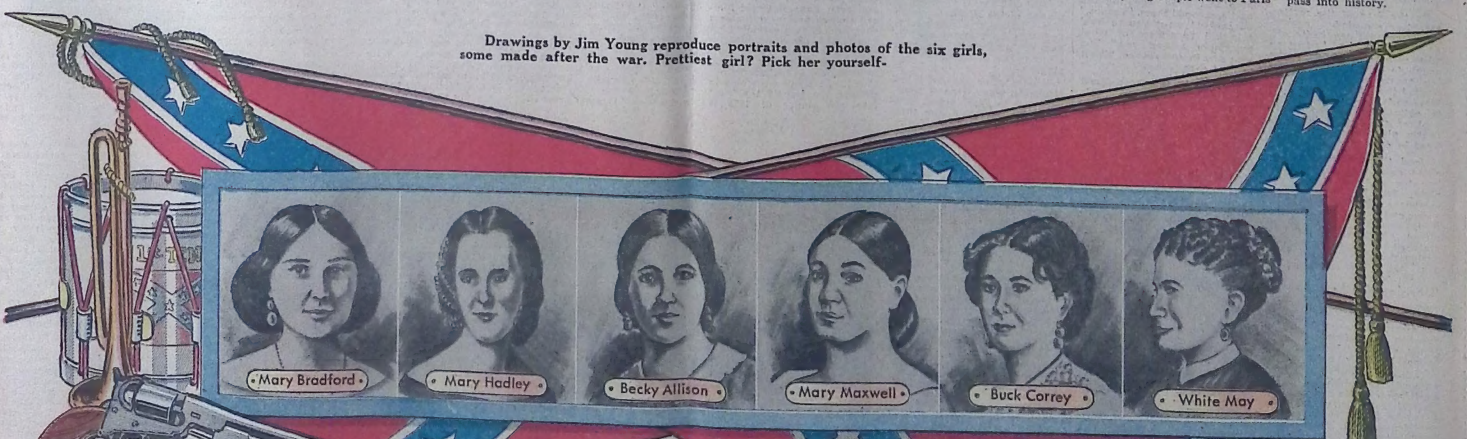
Becky Allison

AND THERE by the road that day, as Colonel Gale noted, was Becky Allison—little, lovely, and out to capture a Confederate officer for herself. She did, too, because she married tall Captain A. J. Porter. And his portrait makes it plain that if he wasn't the handsomest man in the Confederate Army, he was close to it. As for his young wife, Bishop Thomas Gallor called her the prettiest girl in Nashville.

Rebecca Allison was a charming—her great-granddaughter, Mrs. David B. Graves tells how she persuaded the Federals to let her rather out of prison for Christmas. This young soldier, Dixon Allen Allison, came home for a hot bath and a Christmas dinner—then had to go back to the Federal camp.

Becky's husband had been educated at the Sorbonne, and the young couple went to Paris

Drawings by Jim Young reproduce portraits and photos of the six girls, some made after the war. Prettiest girl? Pick her yourself.





# End Come: Shy's Hill

(Continued From Page One)

of preparation, Thomas was ready to fight. But now nature took over. Rain fell, turning to sleet and snow. A cold wind, screaming out of the north, chilling the half-frozen Confederates to their bones, and making even the well-fed Federals uncomfortable. The ground was covered with ice, and both men and horses could barely move on level ground. General Wilson declared an army armed with brickbats could defend the hills in such weather.

For five days the Federal high command fumed and fretted and threatened and begged—but Thomas bided his time. His second in command, John M. Schofield, sent surreptitious telegrams to Stanton designed to undermine Thomas, and gain the command for himself.

This pause in the preparations for battle seems a good time to examine the positions of the two armies.

In 1864 Nashville had a population of 100,000 people—three times what it had been at the beginning of the war. Taken by the Union Army early in 1862, it had been fortified as an important base of supply for Federal armies in Chattanooga and Georgia.

## 3 Large Forts

Captain James S. Clair Morton, U.S. engineer officer, had divided the city's defenses around three large forts. These were Fort Negley, on the right, Fort Morton on Curry Hill, now Rose Park, and Fort Hood, where the Division of the Tennessee River was located. Fort Hood, on the right, was a blockhouse called Fort Cassin on the present Reservoir Hill. The state capitol was fortified with log stockades, parapets and cotton bales.

As the Confederate Army of Tennessee moved toward Nashville, Federal fortifications were extended westward around the city. New forts were built near the corner of Twenty-third Avenue N. and Hernando Street, on the present site of Jubilee Hall, Fisk University, and on high ground at the intersection of Buchanan Street with Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Avenues. In the early winter all available hands were put to work constructing breastworks to connect these forts.

The Federal interior line, beginning on the Cumberland where General Hospital now stands, ran through the forts Morton had built and continued through what is now Vanderbilt campus, on through the newer forts to a point near Hyde's Ferry, on the river below the city.

## The Outer Line

An outer defensive line branched off at Fort Cassin, crossing Granny White Pike on the hill where the educational TV tower now stands and continuing past the Acklen manor, now Belmont College. It crossed Natchez Trace at Esplanade, about a mile from the city, and finally ended on Centennial Boulevard, on a hill overlooking the river.

When the battle began, Thomas had Steedman's force on his left, Wood's Fourth Corps in the center and a formidable force on the right—two corps commanded by Schofield and Smith. To this force on his right was added the 2,000-man cavalry force commanded by Wilson.

General Hood didn't have enough infantry to surround Nashville from the river above. His line in the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad to the Hillsboro Pike was no more than four miles long—about half the length of the Federal outer works, with depleted cavalry forces operating on its flanks.

Each of the five small redoubts guarding the left flank was defended by four guns, enough artillerymen to work them, and about a company of riflemen. Hood had lined up his three corps with Gen. B. F. Cheatham on the right, Gen. Stephen D. Lee in the center and Gen. A. P. Stewart on the left.

On the face of the matter, as the showdown neared, Hood was not too badly off. Franklin he was willing to let him be, but he was not what men behind breastworks could do to an army charging across open spaces. He wanted the Federals to attack—and then he would be able to oblige. He was confident of the result, but prudently planned a line of retreat in case of disaster.

Hood thought his veterans could cope with the Federal infantry, and perhaps he was right. But he had a fatal weakness. Forrest was not there, and even if he had been it is doubtful that his depleted divisions could have matched the huge, mobile and destructive force under Wilson.

## Morale Was Low

There was still another factor working against Hood and his army. His men lacked the supplies an effective force needs, and they lacked confidence in their commander. On the other hand, they enjoyed the admiration and confidence of his men and of his officers—save Schofield. What he didn't have was the confidence of his superiors in Washington and City Points.

So nervous was the high brass of the Union Army that a replacement for Thomas was sought. Gen. John A. Logan, an en route to Nashville when the battle was fought.

On the morning of the 15th, Thomas struck. Most of the snow and ice had melted, but

## Hood at Lealand

In the meantime General Hood, to be nearer the center of his battle line, moved his headquarters from Traveler's Rest, the old home of Judge John Overton on Franklin Pike, to Lealand, home of Judge John M. Lee, just east of Granny White Pike, at the foot of the Overton hills.

When he heard that Wilson's cavalry was crossing the Cumberland to take position on his left, Hood reassessed correctly that the main attack would strike this flank. He assured his army of "victory and success" and added: "Be of good cheer—men, Sam Watkins wrote, 'a man's duty is to cheer'."

About eight in the morning Steedman attacked near the railroad cut, on the Nolensville Pike. With the addition of troops from the Nashville garrison he now had 7,000 men, including three regiments of Negro soldiers under Col. Thomas W. Moran.

These advancing regiments walked into a trap set by Cheatham's Confederates near the railroad cut, and suffered sharp losses to accurate rifle fire. Steedman now felt his "feint" had been made, and fell back to his original position. During the night Hood moved Gen. Edward Johnson's entire division to his left, two brigades at a time.

## Pushed Aside

But these reinforcements could do little to stem the storm that was boiling up on Hood's left. Here the heavy weight of divisions of Wilson and Smith had pushed aside the small, detached forces operating west of the Hillsboro Pike. Ector's infantry brigade, Buckner's brigade of Cheatham's cavalry division and Col. David C. Kelley with Forrest's old regiment all were forced to fire and fall back to the main Confederate line, behind a stone wall where the Green Hills shopping section now stands along the pike, from Woodmont to Hobbs Road.

The detached redoubts soon found themselves engulfed in a blue wave coming over the hills. Number 5 was the first to fall, being bypassed by Smith's men on both sides. Number 4 held on for more than three hours. It was commanded by Capt. Charles L. Lumsden, an old VMI grad, former commander of the 48th at the University of Alabama. Lumsden took his orders to "hold your position at all hazards" literally. His men didn't leave until Federal soldiers came into the redoubt with them.

Redoubt No. 3, where Calvary Methodist Church now stands, was the next to fall, and the men who took it then ran across the road and captured No. 2. No. 1, an advanced salient east of the pike, north of Woodmont, was now the key position of the Confederate left. As men from the corps of Wood and Smith charged it front and flank, its Confederate defenders abandoned the position.

## General Retreat

In the meantime Gen. Edward Walthall's division, stretching along Hillsboro Pike in a line roughly parallel to the redoubts, was being pounded by Smith's artillery and flanked by Wilson's cavalry. Walthall began a general retreat eastward and the Federals moved a half mile across Hillsboro Pike toward Granny White Pike.

As Ector's brigade retreated across Shy's Hill, General Hood, who was on his horse atop this knoll watching the battle, stopped them. He said, "I want you to hold this hill regardless of what transpires around you. The men dug in and replied, 'We'll do it, General!'"

Late in the afternoon Hood ordered Gen. B. F. Cheatham's division to the left, and these men lined up on a hill (now Federal Hill) just north of Shy's Hill. In the last action of the day Couch's fresh division of Schofield's corps came up and drove Bate off the hill—an omen of what was to happen the following day.

Gen. James Wilson, USA  
Cavalry commander



This old drawing shows successful Federal assault on Confederate Redoubt No. 3 on Hillsboro Road, where Calvary Methodist Church now stands.

Now darkness fell and both armies dug in. It had been a good day for the Federals, with 16 pieces of artillery and 800 to 1,000 prisoners falling into their hands.

## Not Whipped Yet

General Hood, though mauled by the nutcracker on his left, was not whipped yet. He dug in on a new line about three miles long, his right resting on Peach Orchard Hill, the Overton farm east of Franklin Pike, and his left anchored on Shy's Hill. Both lines were refused to the south.

The corps commanded by Stephen D. Lee now was on Hood's right, stretched across Franklin Pike and around Peach Orchard Hill to the east of it. To the west of it Stewart's corps, battered in the first day's fighting, was posted behind the stone wall marking the northern boundary of Judge Lee's farm, Cheatham's corps was on Stewart's left, with Bate's division posted on Shy's Hill and Ector's brigade and other units prolonging the line south to the next hill, then back to the

Granny White Pike at the present Tynne Boulevard. The brigades on the hill and along its slope were Finley's, now commanded by Major Joseph A. Lash, and Tyler's, now commanded by Gen. Thomas Benton Smith. On the crest of the hill the remnants of four infantry brigades were commanded by Col. William M. Stry.

General Bate believed his position on Shy's Hill was vulnerable because the line was too far back from the brow of the hill to permit a field of fire, and his breastworks were being knocked down by Federal artillery fire from three surrounding hills. His line grew thinner and thinner as he extended to the left and southward to block flanking movements by Wilson's cavalry.

The Federal corps commanders seemed in no hurry to renew the action on the morning of the 16th. On the left Wood's men drove in Lee's skirmishers on Franklin Pike and then stopped before the main line. All during the morning superior Federal ar-

tillery blasted away at Confederate defenses on top of the hills, especially on the flanks.

During the morning Steedman's Negro troops charged right up to Lee's breastworks on Peach Orchard Hill, but were driven back with heavy losses. "Five color bearers with their colors were shot down within a few steps of the works," a Confederate division commander reported, "one of which having inscribed in its folds 'Eighteenth Regiment U.S. Colored Infantry' presented by the colored leader of Murfreesboro."

These attacks were no feat, and Hood now pulled three brigades from the line south of Shy's Hill to reinforce Lee. Lee said these brigades were not needed, and sent them to Brentwood at mid-afternoon. This tactical error, compounded by the absence of Forrest and two of his divisions, may have lost the battle for the Confederates.

## A Cold Rain

About noon a cold rain began to fall, but despite this

superior charging force, Col. one Shy was killed by a shot that powder-burned his face. Sam Watkins wrote that Finley's brigade, commanded by Major Lash, was the first to break and run.

Once the stampede started there was no stopping it. Hood tried in vain to rally his men. For most of them there was just one road out—the Franklin Pike, and they streamed through the hills to reach it.

Fortunately Stephen D. Lee's corps still stood astride the pike, keeping the road open. The left and center of Hood's army melted away.

"The Lines Lifted"

"The breach once made," wrote General Bate, "the lines lifted from either side as far as I could see almost instantaneously and fled in confusion." The men climbed over the rugged hills in our rear and passed down a short valley which debouched into the Franklin turnpike.

To all intents and purposes, the great Battle of Nashville was over, and Hood's Tennessee campaign had ended in

a Confederate disaster. The last great battle of the Civil War had been fought.

The Federals didn't exactly take the Chinese advice to "build bridges of gold for a retreating enemy," but mud, cold and the timely arrival of N. B. Forrest made it possible for Hood to save the major portion of his army. Southward the army marched, fighting off the sorties of Wilson's troopers. On and on they marched, across the Duck, and finally back across the Tennessee to Tupelo, Mississippi.

Hood's career as an army commander was ended, but many of his men would fight again that spring. Led by the beloved "Uncle Joe" Johnston they would make one more gallant but hopeless charge against Sherman at Bentonville.

In the wake of the battle General Thomas reported his casualties as just over 5,000. Thomas took more than 4,000 prisoners in the Confederates' march. The number of Hood's killed and wounded is not known, but perhaps another 3,000 would be a fair estimate.

These 1864 photos from Library of Congress show Nashvillians watching the battle from Capitol Hill.

# What If the South Had Won at Nashville?

(Cont'd from Page 1)

never so anxious during the war as at that time.

In considering the situation at that time, it is pertinent likely to be overlooked is that a large proportion of the population of the Northern states was thoroughly war-weary, and that both moral and financial support of the war effort were dangerously lagging.

Shortly after the battle of Nashville, when General Schofield was in Washington, Secretary Stanton told him that an early termination of the war was an absolute financial necessity, as it had grown increasingly difficult to float the war bonds. There was a strong "peace at any price" sentiment in the North at that time, and it was officially feared that a Confederate victory at Nashville might precipitate in the North a clamor for ending the war that would be irresistible.

Schofield, in his autobiography, comments on the critical financial condition existing at the time and the importance of gaining a smashing Federal victory in the field "before the world would find out that the resources of the government had been exhausted and that the United States had not the financial strength necessary to make any further use of the money they then had on the muster and pay rolls." Further he says that "the Union cause was on the verge of failure, because it could no longer raise money, and that Secretary Stanton had concentrated front in Virginia just fided to the Federal generals in the winter of 1864 that 'the rebellion must be suppressed in the coming campaign or the effort abandoned.'"

General James H. Wilson, who had been serving in Virginia just before the Battle of Nashville, says that "the newspapers throughout the North were filled with prognostications of disaster."

Gold was falling, the War Department was demoralized, and even General Grant himself showed greater uneasiness than he had ever exhibited before. The depth of his uneasiness at this crucial time is evidenced by his feeling, as expressed in his "Memoirs," that if the South were able to prolong the war in the West into the summer of 1865 it would probably be necessary to concede the independence of the seceded states. "The country was alarmed, and the administration was alarmed, and I was alarmed, lest Hood would get North," Grant wrote.

Recognition of the decisiveness of the Battle of Nashville is to be found in the writings of many qualified students and historians. As early in 1867 William Swinton included it in his "The Twelve Decisive Battles of the War." "Nashville," wrote Swinton, "annihilated the Confederacy in the West." General Isaac R.

Sherwood, who commanded a Federal division at Franklin and Nashville, says flatly: "Nashville was the decisive battle of the four-year war."

General John Watts Dwyer, addressing the annual meeting of the New York Historical Society in 1876, chose for his subject "Nashville—the decisive Battle of the Rebellion." "Of all battles of the great American conflict," he said, "Nashville was the most complete in its result, the finest and most perfect in its execution, strategically and tactically, the finest as a study and as an example

to be referred to and cited hereafter, was Nashville; it was the Leipzig, or better the Waterloo, of the four years' struggle. No other fight can compare with it when the forces respectively engaged are taken into consideration."

In more modern times, General J. F. C. Fuller, in his "Decisive Battles of the U. S. A.," published in 1942, includes Nashville along with Saratoga, Yorktown, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Santiago and the Meuse-Argonne in his evaluation of "the battles that have decided the course of

American history." He refers to the engagement at Nashville specifically as "the decisive battle," stating that it was "Thomas' victory at Nashville and not Sherman's march through Georgia and the Carolinas that settled the war in the West and thereby decided the result of the war."

Lee's surrender at Appomattox and the final collapse of the Southern Confederacy followed so closely after the failure of Hood's Tennessee campaign that the importance of the Battle of Nashville was overshadowed and obscured by the overwhelming impact of the ending of the war and the return of the people to peaceful pursuits.

The participating generals' reports of the battle were not written until months afterwards. It was years before these reports were published, and even then they were buried in a government official publication which had few readers. Contemporaneously and subsequently, the Battle of Nashville had less publicity and discussion than any engagement of similar proportions and importance, and this lack of publicity accounts in large measure for the general lack of appreciation of the battle's decisive significance.

In recent years, however, the "revisionists" have been taking a keen second look at the historical drama, with a consequent re-assessing of values. There is more willingness to recognize that some of our wars might possibly have had some other outcome. And if the outcome of the Civil War had been reversed, a Confederate victory at Nashville might well be recognized now as the deciding factor in the establishment of an independent Confederate States of America.

—Photos loaned by Lanier Merritt



This 1864 photo shows deserted Federal defense line looking west from Fort Casino.



# IN THE SPOTLIGHT OF OUR NATION



## 1864

**T**HE national spotlight which focused on Nashville during this crucial period of the War Between the States revealed poorly organized chaos.

People of 1864 and historians since have viewed events surrounding the Battle of Nashville as a pivotal point of great interest.

Against the backdrop of chaotic conditions, local government did, in fact, exist. Mayor John Hugh Smith and a working city council worried through complex problems of government only to formulate laws and regulations and—as often as not—find them countermanded by the military commander.

Problems of the day were similar to those existing today: On August 12, 1864, minutes of a council meeting at which 13 members were present resolved that the city's streets were in "terrible condition".

Councilman Dix allowed as how "the Federal Government should bear the cost of repair since they were the ones wearing them out."

The era is memorable from any standpoint. A proud city stood bowed by the temper of the times completely incapable of coping with the great struggle which engulfed and subdued any attempt at progress.



Political, social, and economic progress were being trampled under the boots of men far removed from negotiation, planning, political compromise, social improvement, or economic growth.

Men of vision were lost in the maelstrom of emotion. The voices of men of reason had long since been lost in the din of cannon, musket, and the clash of bayonets.

Right or wrong the decision reached was to remain throughout history a trumpeting testimony to the futility of the bayonet as a bargaining agent.

When the final shot was fired and there was time for reconstruction and reflection, our community and our nation emerged as one nation—a nation which had grown wiser in its ordeal.



## 1964

**T**HE echoes of the Battle of Nashville—distilled through a century of reinstated national brotherhood—remain only as an audible monument to cataclysmic behavior.

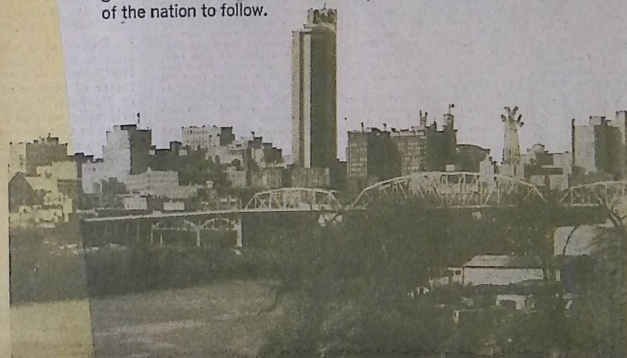
The spotlight of the nation plays over our community once again. The scene revealed today is as commendable as its antecedent of a century ago was abhorrent.

Metropolitan areas of this nation are faced with problems of importance fully equal to the problems which precipitated events of 100 years ago.

Municipal leaders of the nation are watching us closely, not because of an impending military battle, but because of a battle which is already 20 months old.

In this bloodless revolt against stifling tradition in local government, the people served by the Metropolitan Government of Nashville and Davidson County had the courage to study and plan, negotiate and compromise.

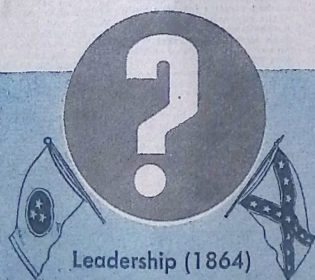
On April 1, 1963, this community launched a pioneer effort in local government which is showing the way for countless other communities of the nation to follow.



The magnificent contrast between the present and the Nashville of 1864 is seen in the approach to the problem. We have no leaders blind to reason. We are not hurtling pell-mell toward some uncertain victory.

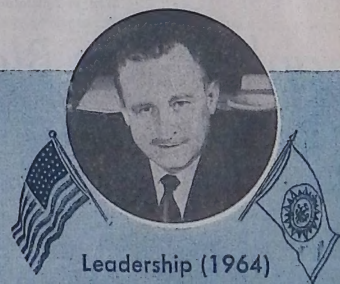
Solutions to the problems of 1964 are resulting from an approach that is sound, feasible, and beneficial to the people who are to be served.

The maps for this battle are our planning charts; our armaments are our great energy and resolve to find a way; our armor is our absolute assurance of the course we have chosen; and our victory will be a better life for the people of this community . . . and a pattern for others to follow.



Who held the answers for the Nashville of 1864?  
Who was concerned with the solution to his civic problems?

Mayor John Hugh Smith?  
Brig. Gen. John F. Miller?  
City Council?  
What forum for grievances?  
Who served people's need?



The Metropolitan Charter, adopted April 1, 1963, vested executive and administrative power in the Mayor, charging him with responsibility for the conduct of executive and administrative work of all departments, boards, commissions, offices and agencies of government.

Backed by a community which now finds itself in the limelight of national attention, Metropolitan Mayor Beverly Briley is the guiding hand directing the efforts of eight major departments and 17 major boards, commissions and other agencies of local government.

His goal is at once a model for other communities with similar problems and a working government structure responsive to the true needs of the people who gave it birth.



# Charge Met Charge in Bloody Battle of Franklin

## Federal Reserves Turned the Tide

By VICTOR HICKEN  
Western Illinois University

THE AMERICAN Civil War was filled with moments of desperation and courage as well as of fortune, the carelessness in the giving of a command, or an important incident turned the tide of battle from one side to the other.

There was, for instance, the incident involving the cigar wrapped with Lee's orders to Jackson and Longstreet, which fell into McClellan's hands, tipping off the Union general to Confederate plans just prior to the battle of Antietam.

There was that fateful 20th of September, 1862, when a Union army under Rosecrans was split asunder at Chickamauga because of the commanding general's unfortunate loss of memory and a coincidental attack by Longstreet's men, who had just arrived on the field.

**Unique Battle**  
Of all such incidents, however, the most fascinating is one which occurred in 1864 at the lesser known Battle of Franklin. This battle was unique. And it had a little of the mystique, the romance and glory of a dying cause, and the odds and ends of life, the possibilities which were to bring tragedy to one side and triumph to the other.

It also contained a brief moment of destiny for a Union brigade commanded by a dashing Ohio colonel, Emerson Opdyke. This brigade consisted of seven regiments: Opdyke's own 125th Ohio, the "Tigers"; the 24th Wisconsin, commanded by an able young major, Arthur MacArthur, who was later to sire an eminent hero of World War II; and five from Illinois—the 36th, the 44th, the 73d (oddly known as the "Preachers Regiment"), the 74th and the 88th.

Circumstances built slowly toward the fateful battle. After Sherman's capture of Atlanta, the Confederate general, John Bell Hood, determined upon a seemingly logical method of drawing the invader out of Georgia. He would reorganize and replenish the Army of Tennessee south of Atlanta, then lead it in a whirlwind campaign into Tennessee. He would, so he contemplated, drive toward Nashville, defeat the Union forces there, and, if that did not bring Sherman back in a hurry, he might even go into Ohio.

### Sherman Counters

Sherman, preparing for his daring march to the sea, countered by sending two Union corps under Gen. James B. Thompson to check Hood.

By Nov. 27, one of the Union corps and elements of the second, commanded by a plucky, energetic Illinois general, John M. Schofield, were outflanked and on the verge of being bottled up by Hood's forces. The Union troops were building a series of works on the Duck River. Hood's cavalry, under the ubiquitous Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, had crossed the river above them and begun building a bridge about eight miles north of Columbia.

It appeared to most of the Federal officers, excepting Schofield, who was able to grasp the situation, that Hood would attempt to cut the Union retreat at Spring Hill, a position between Columbia and Franklin. Were Hood to succeed it would result in an astounding victory to the Confederate cause.

It was one of those tricks of war when fate takes an uncertain hand. All that Hood had needed to do, up to that point, was to close the door to Franklin, and victory would have been his. But the trap had failed.

### On Up the Road

Schofield disappeared up the Franklin road, trailing Opdyke's brigade behind him as his rear guard designed to fight off any possible sallies by Forrest's cavalry.

He was now free to join the rest of Thomas' force in Nashville for a defense of that city. An angry frustration overcame Hood. He lashed his subordinates as only a raw Texan could. Schofield's escape had been their fault, he asserted. Now he would be forced to catch the escaping Union army and launch a frontal attack. With luck, and the undoubted bravery of his troops, the victory could yet be his.

Schofield, meanwhile, had already reached Franklin. There, on the outskirts of the town, he hurriedly dug trenches and constructed works in the shape of an elongated horseshoe, with both ends anchored upon the Harpeth river. At the apex of the horseshoe, the most vital part of the Union defensive line, was the Carter House—a lovely brick mansion, still standing, which was to become a most significant feature of the battle.

### Out in Front

Two other factors should be mentioned concerning the Union defense. The first concerned the disposition of two Union brigades, which were thrown out in a rather peculiar fashion forward of the main defensive works.

It is difficult to assume, even to this day, just what Schofield had in mind when he disposed of these men in this manner, unless he felt they were to be a sort of a forerunning of the main Confederate attack. At any rate, both brigade commanders had been given a rather firm set of orders instructing them to fire bravely at any advance in the main works, then retreat into the main works.

The second factor concerned Opdyke's brigade. These men had done a good deal of hard work in the previous two days, and consequently were marched into the Union reserve, which rested on the slopes to the rear of the Carter House. Not far away, General Hood by nearly exhausted on the ground, his head resting upon

A few years ago a Northern visitor stopped at Franklin's Carter House, where the Confederate flag is displayed. "Where's the American flag?" she asked. "Weren't our boys here too?"

Indeed they were. And here is a dramatic account of the Battle of Franklin written by a Northern—Victor Hicken. Dr. Hicken is a professor of history at Western Illinois University at Macomb, Illinois. His account of the battle, originally written for the Chicago Tribune, appears in this Anniversary Edition with the permission of the Tribune and the author.

His grounded saddle. From this position he issued the necessary orders for the attack. There was to be no fancy hair-splitting strategy to this battle. Hood would merely launch a crushing charge at the Union center, near the Carter House, splintering Schofield's army into halves. Then, with the Yankees backs pinned to the Harpeth river, Hood would save the dying cause of the Confederacy by winning an astounding victory.

The Union troops watched, meanwhile, as their opponents paraded in line of attack. And inside the Carter house, the Carter family, or all that remained of it—a father, son, and two daughters—buddled with the smothered backs in the cellar while Confederate shells screamed over their heads. They, as well as the Union soldiers outside, knew that just down the road, wearing the Confederate gray, were two other members of the family.

### Furious Exchange

It was after 3 p.m. when Hood mounted his attack, hitting first the two detached regiments forward of the Union line. The men defending these trenches almost made the fatal mistake of the day. Ordered to fire only one or two volleys and then retreat, their colonels held them in line and a furious exchange of fire resulted.

Only for a moment were the Confederates checked. They swept forward in one compulsive surge, tearing the two brigades from their moorings and sweeping them back toward the Carter House. The effect upon the main

because they were handicapped by the fear of shooting some of the men from the two retreating Union brigades in front of them.

Only the 72nd Illinois, a hard-hitting regiment which had just arrived from Louisiana, kept its position, and the black hats of these sturdy defenders could be seen bobbing up and down as the men fired and loaded their rifles. The moment of crisis for Schofield's army had arrived.

The men of Opdyke's brigade, meanwhile, were relaxing in safety behind the Carter House, sipping coffee and broiling bacon over small fires—the first warm food they had had a chance to eat in some time. The staccato drumfire of musketry was a sound to which they were well accustomed.

Then, in a moment, they heard a different and familiarly ominous sound. It was the thin, high-pitched scream of trenches, partly from the rush of the attackers and partly

had broken the center of the Union line.

Even after 100 years, it is not easy to reconstruct the sequence of events at this stage of the battle. Opdyke's men were seasoned veterans who recognized instinctively the seriousness of the Confederate charge.

They leaped to their feet, quickly unstacked their rifles, and with the seriousness of men who had a distasteful necessary duty to perform, moved quickly into the line of battle. Opdyke himself, unarmed what had to be done and shouted, "First Brigade, forward to the works!" But by the time the order was issued some of his men were already well on their way.

When Opdyke's brigade reached the spot at which the Confederate breakthrough had occurred, an indescribable maelstrom resulted. Bravery became a common commodity in a common place—the yard of a Tennessee home.

There was an element of desperation present on both sides as the Confederates because of Hood's anger at failing to trap the Union force at Spring Hill, and the Union men because they realized, ever more than their generals, that the break in the line must be mended. It was later written by a captain of the 72d Illinois, and with a great deal of truth, that this was "a private soldier's battle, the sum of its strategy being to hold and occupy a few square feet upon which the soldiers stood to the last."

### Yell and Bound

The personal historian of the 72d Illinois was to write in later years that Opdyke's men had come into the battle with a yell and a bound, "flinging 'epithets' at the retreating Union regiments, and bayoneting and clubbing their way into the Confederate ranks. A Union general, far to the left of the Carter House, compared the charge to a tornado, and said the Union soldiers looked as if they were 'breasting a furious gale with strained muscles and set teeth.'"

What of Opdyke himself? Mounting his horse quickly, he had leaped into the fray. Almost immediately, however, the animal was shot, and its rider pitched directly into the path of the advancing Confederates. Acrobatically, the officer rolled over, grabbed a musket from an enemy's hands, and clubbed him with it.

As it was at this moment, commented an Illinois soldier later, that the musket firing ceased. "No one could stop to load. No one could stop the fight was now hand to hand, breast to breast, and the soldiers, in a mad, pitiless, one-way war, the instrument of death."

### Silent War

For one brief instant, this was war as it might have been fought 300 years earlier. There were only the sounds of musketry, the clashing of steel, the cries of pain, and the cries of encouragement. Soon, the men managed to reload their weapons, and the sharp, staccato sounds of musketry began again.

To the right of the Carter House the sturdy 72nd Illinois continued to hold. Two lieutenants were killed while firing their pistols at the charging Confederate lines only 20 feet away. One black-hatted member of the regiment, overcome by the emotion of the battle, angrily charged the advancing Confederate line armed only with a pickaxe which he had found in the trench behind him.

Thrown back twice, Hood's brave and frustrated army came on again and again. An Illinois captain would remember two decades later that the roar of musketry quieted at times to "an almost absolute silence," only to be followed by a return "to the loudst fury."

### Smoky Battlefield

Gen. Jacob Cox, a hero of the day, would recall some 20 years later that as the sun began to lower to horizon level, the smoke from the constant gunfire lay like a fog over the field. One Union corps alone, the Fourth, fired so much and so often that 100 wagon loads of ammunition were expended.

It was a drama to which there were many facets. One was the loyal, brave and accomplished Confederate army, completed by an embittered soldier who could not bring himself to end the slaughter

of his men. Another was the undeniably high number of casualties among general and regimental officers on both sides.

Early in the attack the Union general, David S. Stanley, was wounded and taken off the field. And along the Confederate line, as if inspired by a death wish, general officers charged and died with their men.

### Cleburne Killed

The brilliant Gen. Pat Cleburne, hero of a dozen fights, was torn from his horse by a musket ball and killed, as was Gen. Hiram Granbury. Gen. John Adams pitched off his horse and died in the ranks of an Illinois regiment. Generals Ohio Strahl and States Rights Gist were killed in front of Illinois regiments. Generals J. C. Brown, A. M. Manigault, William Quarles, Francis Marion Cockrell, G. W. Gordon, Thomas Scott and J. C. Carter were wounded in the savage fighting.

It was the death of young Theodore Tilton Carter that added an extra sense of poignancy to the battle. Shortly after sunset, when the fighting was over, a young Carter girl left her shelter in the cellar to give aid to the wounded. There, on the parapet in front of the house, she found her dying brother. He had some home.

In the seven or eight hours of fighting, Hood had suffered 6242 casualties in his army of 27,000 Confederate soldiers, a loss which doomed his attempts to defeat Thomas at Nashville some time later. Casualties among the 28,000 Union soldiers totaled only 2,322.

### 32 Flags Taken

Almost as important from the standpoint of morale, was the fact that 32 Confederate battle flags had been taken at the breakthrough by the defenders—10 of them by Opdyke's brigade alone.

At the Union artillery finally ceased firing, and its sounds were replaced by the moans of the Confederates as they were discussing the outcome of the fight. "We ought to remain here and wipe hell out of us," one said.

"There is no hell left in them," said the other. "Don't you hear them praying?" As for Opdyke's brigade, the unit which had saved the day for Schofield, there was some well-earned recognition. Some months later, when Pap Thomas held his last grand review in Nashville, Opdyke's men were hailed by the commanding general in front of the reviewing stand. Thomas had a final request to make of these tough westerners. Would they go into formation and make one last charge?

Quickly, the 88th Illinois moved into a skirmish line, followed by the 36th and 44th Illinois, and the other regiments deployed in line of battle. With a great whoop, Opdyke's heroes made a glorious bayonet charge against their air.

### Gen. Pat Cleburne, CSA

He charged and died

In the end, of course, Schofield came to comprehend Hood's plan and reacted accordingly, sending an entire Union division on a forced march north to hold open the road to Franklin. One of the three brigades in the division was Opdyke's.

As it turned out, the gesture was just enough to save Schofield's army. There was a little skirmish near Spring Hill and another near Thompson's Station. Then, under the cover of darkness, Schofield marched his men through the uneven terrain within a half mile of Hood's unknowing pickets, so close to the Confederate campfires that Union troops could catch the scent of bacon.



Map of battlefield at Franklin

# Franklin Was Bloodier Than Shiloh, Stone's River

FRANKLIN is not generally listed as one of the great battles of the Civil War, since the forces engaged were relatively small. It was, however, one of the fiercest, and bloodiest battles of the war. Gen. Jacob D. Cox, commander of the Federal

battle line at Franklin, summed it up:

"The comparative smallness of the opposing armies is likely to lead to an under estimate of the desperate character of the fighting."

"It is enough now to note that Hood had more men killed at Franklin than died on one side in some of the great conflicts of the war when three, four, or even five

times as many men were engaged."

"His killed were more than Grant's at Shiloh, McClellan's in the Seven-day battle, Burnside's at Fredericksburg, Rosecrans' at Stone's River or at Chickamauga, Hooker's at Chancellorsville, and almost as many as Grant's at Cold Harbor. The concentration in time, in these few hours of a winter's afternoon and evening, makes the comparison still more telling."

In his "Army of Tennessee" Stanley F. Horn wrote of the Battle of Franklin:

"Perhaps its only rival for manhood distinction would be Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. A comparison of the two may be of interest."

"Pickett's total loss at Gettysburg was 13,541; at Franklin the Army of Tennessee lost over 6,000 dead and wounded. Pickett's charge was made after a volcanic artillery preparation of two hours had battered the defending line.

Hood's army charged without a nifty preparation. Pickett's charge was across an open space of perhaps a mile. The advance at Franklin was for two miles in the open, in full view of the enemy's works, and exposed to their fire."

"The defenders at Gettysburg were protected only by a stone wall. Schofield's men at Franklin were protected by carefully constructed works with trench and parapet. Pickett's charge was totally repulsed. The charge of Brown and Cleburne penetrated deep into the breastworks, to part enemy retired. Pickett, once repulsed, retired from the field. The Army of Tennessee renewed their charge, time after time. Pickett survived his charge unscathed. Cleburne was killed and 11 other general officers killed, wounded or captured."

This photo, made from a 1923 re-enactment of the Battle of Franklin, shows defense of the Federal right flank by soldiers of the Fourth Corps.

Original KKK Uniform Worn in Franklin







Founder of Foster & Creighton

# Confederate Map-maker Wilbur Foster Helped Build a City

**MAJ. WILBUR FOSTER**, who drew the map of the battlefield at Nashville reproduced on the last page of this section, was one of the most

famous engineers and map makers who ever lived in Nashville. Founder of the still-active firm of Foster & Creighton, he died in 1922 at the age of 88.

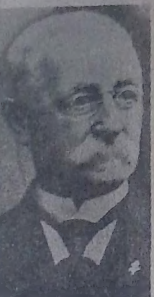
A native of Springfield, Mass., Major Foster came to Nashville as a young man and worked as a civil engineer on the building of early railroads in Middle Tennessee. During the decade before the Civil War he worked on several smaller railroads, including the Central Southern and Edgemoor and Kentucky, which were later absorbed by the L&N.

## His Work Endures

Major Foster was the engineer in charge of building the first railway bridge across the Cumberland at Nashville. This bridge was burned by Confederates in 1862 and was replaced with a new superstructure to handle heavy equipment. The masonry work, however, is as sturdy today as when the major built it, more than a hundred years ago.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Wilbur Foster joined Company C of the Rock City Guards, Nashville, and as a private soldier was detailed by Gov. Isham G. Harris to fortify the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. He reported that Fort Henry, on the Tennessee, was below the high water level, and when the governor "pooched-pooched" it, he was later proved accurate, he asked to be returned to his regiment, the First Tennessee.

Foster located the water



**Maj. Wilbur Foster**  
Builder, mapper, engineer

batteries at Fort Donelson, which were the first shore installations to win a victory over Foote's fleet of Federal gunboats. Promoted to the rank of major, he was attached to the staff of Gen. A. P. Stewart during the Atlanta campaign, and was officially commended for his military maps, location and construction of breastworks, rifle pits and other fortifications around Atlanta.

## Honeymoon Delayed

After the war Foster opened an engineering business in Nashville, and in 1884 merged it with the contracting firm of Foster & Creighton. In 1889

he rebuilt the steel suspension bridge across the river at Nashville, and the same year married Elizabeth Nichol. He delayed his honeymoon until the bridge could be opened to traffic.

That same year, too, Foster built the city's first street railway. In 1868 he prepared a map of Davidson County which is more detailed than any done since, showing roads, streams and the names of many residents of rural sections. A copy of this map is now owned by the Tennessee Historical Society, a gift of Stanley F. Horn.

Among his other engineering jobs in Nashville were the laying out of West End Avenue and Belmont Boulevard, the building of the Nashville & Fairgrounds street railway (the fairground was then at Centennial Park) and the construction of heavy retaining walls around the State Capitol on Capitol Hill.

## All-Day Cigars

Many stories were told about the Major, who lived to be 88 years old. He smoked cigars, and when the doctor cut him down to one a day he ordered cigars made eight inches long and an inch in diameter—sort of an all-day cigar. Every morning he walked to work—from his home at Seventeenth and West End to his office at Fourth and Church.

Serving with Hood's Army of Tennessee, Major Foster helped equip Hood's army line at Nashville, and later drew an accurate map of the battlefield which was published in the Confederate Veteran magazine, published at Nashville.

Major Foster's battle map, sponsored as an advertisement by Nashville's Third National Bank, appears in color on the last page of this section. It shows positions of Federal and Confederate battle lines on

both days of the battle, and even the homes of many citizens who lived in the area. It is interesting to note that "Montgomery's" on Cedar Lane appears with the name, but no dot for the house. It is generally believed that the

Montgomery house was burned during the war, and was not standing at the time of the battle. The old Montgomery carriage house is still standing near the site of the old house atop the hill on Cedar Lane.



This suspension bridge across the Cumberland River at Nashville is believed to be the one built by Maj. Wilbur Foster during the first year after the Civil War.

## An Unreconstructed Editor

# New South? Lost Cause? Not for Cunningham!

**SUMNER** Archibald Cunningham has been dead just over a half century—a "gallant Confederate soldier" yet remembered by some Middle Tennesseans well past their three score and ten.

A granite monument, a tribute from the people of the South, marks Cunningham's grave in Willow Mount Cemetery, Shelbyville. But this is not the only nor the most impressive monument to S. A. Cunningham.

Perhaps his most enduring monument is the Confederate Veteran, a magazine published in Nashville from almost 40 years from 1883 to 1922. It was largely through his efforts that publication continued for 19 years after his death.

In a few libraries, public and private, complete files of the Veteran can still be found—a rich treasure and store of war stories and anecdotes told by men whose memory might not be perfect—but after all, they were there! Collectors of Civil War material set considerable store by the Veteran—dealer Charles Elder estimates a complete file would be worth in the neighborhood of \$500.

Dr. James I. Vance, minister of the First Presbyterian Church, preached Cunningham's funeral there, and unwittingly enough the preacher used a phrase that the old soldier never would have permitted, had he known it.

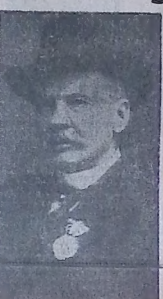
"It is because the South's cause is a lost cause," Dr. Vance orated, "that there is a kind of romantic devotion that gathers about it."

**Didn't Approve**

There's no doubt that S. A. Cunningham, if a spark of life had been left in him, would have not bled upright in his coffin and disagreed with the minister. He never approved the phrase "Lost Cause" and would not use it in the Veteran.

Will correspondents to the Veteran please take notice," he once wrote, "that the two detestable terms, 'Lost Cause' and 'Lost Cause' will not be printed. Many a fairly good article is turned down by the editor of that last term. They both originated assuredly in the minds of prejudiced Northerners."

And here was the preacher,



**S. A. Cunningham**  
He never gave up

at Cunningham's funeral, talking about the "Lost Cause." The truth was that the "cause" had never been lost, as far as Cunningham was concerned. "The war was never over with him," Vance went on. "I do not mean its bitterness; I mean its ideals; what it stood for. This never passed with him. He nursed it in his heart."

A plainer explanation would have been that Cunningham considered the South's "cause" to be states rights. Military means for its attainment having been exhausted, it was then being sought by other means.

Cunningham never approved of the "Blue and the Gray," either. If he had to use it, it would come out "Gray and the Blue."

A "Comrade in Alabama" in 1902, had a Civil War pillow recovered in "blue and gray," a newspaper reported. Cunningham was indignant.

"Why make the new cover blue and gray?" he wrote. "The sentiment that goes so far out of the way as to decorate a pillow made by a loyal Confederate woman in the Sixties for a hospital. Do let us quit such twaddle!"

The Confederate Veteran was the official organ of the United Confederate Veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy. In its tribute to Cunningham the U.C.V. said he "believed he had been designed by God to do the

very work in which he was engaged.

"His creation, the Confederate Veteran, has maintained a unique place in military journalism and in its chosen paths has never been surpassed. It was the center of Confederate plans and impulses, and every part of the South felt the impress of its touch and power."

Cunningham's greatest ambition was to publish a fine magazine, and this he did. His family having died he was left alone in the world. His work was his life, and he needed very little money. The Veteran contained a maximum of copy, with good reproduction of photographs, and a moderate run of advertising. Its excellent type, high quality paper, and its wide circulation made it easily readable for aging veterans whose sight was growing dim.

During all his years of life the magazine faced a problem that steadily grew worse. Its subscribers were dying off as the number of Confederate veterans grew smaller each year. And then, too, the magazine had to contend with more and more obituary material as more and more old soldiers passed into the valley of the dead. Their descendants, by and large, were thinking of new wars and new causes, and were not interested in renewing their subscriptions.

## Born in Bedford

S. A. Cunningham was born in Bedford County in 1843, raised on a farm and joined Company B, 41st Tennessee Infantry Regiment in 1861, as a mere boy. Captured at Fort Donelson, he was exchanged, fought in the Dalton-Atlanta campaign and Hood's Tennessee campaign. After the war he published a weekly paper, the Commercial, in Shelbyville. Under the byline of "S.A.C." he was a correspondent for the Nashville American.

During a campaign to raise funds for a Jefferson Davis memorial, Cunningham decided to publish a leaflet giving information about the memorial to be distributed. This leaflet seemed to "fill a want," and he finally became the Confederate Veteran. Cunningham dedicated his magazine, and his life, to telling the story of the "War of the States."

One of the publisher's greatest achievements was to call the attention of the world to Sam Davis, the "Boy Hero of the Confederacy." Without his efforts it is doubtful that Tennessee and the world would have ever known the full story of how young Sam died at a rope's end rather than betray his commander to the enemy. As one writer put it, the Sam Davis monument on Capitol Hill is as much a monument to S. A. Cunningham as it is to Sam Davis. Cunningham conceived the memorial, and raised the funds for its erection.

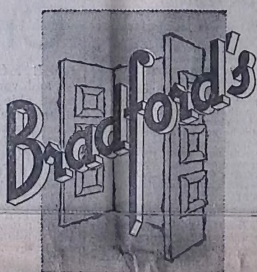
Robert A. Halley of Nashville wrote that "Sumner Cunningham was one of the most remarkable men that came along from the war and engaged in the endeavor to be useful to his native section." It can be added now, after half a century, that S. Cunningham made his mark—and his work lives after him.

## Never Again!

It was late in the war, perhaps in the summer 1864. A Confederate officer sitting by the roadside, saw a disoriented soldier coming down the road. His clothing was in rags, a shoe was lacking, his head was bandaged and one arm in a sling. As he walked along the dusty road the soldier was talking to himself. He was saying:

"I love my country. I'd fight for my country. I'd starve and go thirsty for my country. I'd die for my country. But if ever this war is over I'll never love another country."  
—Confederate Veteran

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Bradford's had its part, also,  
in the rebuilding of the South

One short generation after the close of the Civil War Bradford's founder—one Jacob H. Bradford, with father-in-law J. R. Carson—saw the need for a furniture store selling stable, stylish goods. Their vision proved to be of benefit not only to themselves, but also to the economic progress of bustling, growing Nashville, with their employment of a goodly number of men in both the retail and the manufacturing end of their thriving business. As their business grew, they developed, in addition, a "take it TO the people" salesmanship, whereby horse drawn vans transported their wares to outlying districts, to brighten the heart of many a rural housewife with a prettied-up home! But we're getting ahead of ourselves...

The year was 1889 when Jacob opened the doors of the first Bradford's—just north of Broad on old Market Street (now Second Avenue). The business so expanded that in a few years they had to move to larger quarters on lower Broad, and several moves later, to the address so many of you are familiar with on Third Avenue. The year of that move was 1909, and from that time till 1951 Bradford's reputation for quality furniture grew... and grew.

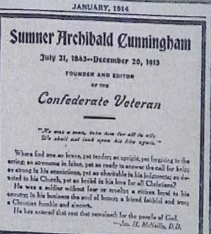
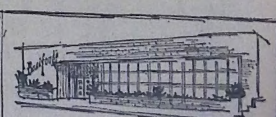
The move to our present location in 1951 was a big step in Nashville's esthetic and cultural progress—it gave Nashvillians a new concept of shopping for quality home furnishings: a dramatic and refined background in which to shop, and a confirmed opinion that people are more interested in quality, beauty and good advice than they are in price.

Our hope is that we can contribute to the future of Nashville by bringing a new awareness to our people of what a home should be—a haven, where graciousness and culture and appreciation of beauty can enrich the everyday life of the ones who live there. Won't you visit us soon... and often? We're always happy to have you.

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Bradford furniture makes you proud of your home!



This was the cover of the Confederate Veteran for January, 1914, with a black-bordered box on the death of its editor and publisher, S. A. Cunningham.



# see Georgia first



## ...where the past is present perfect

**Relive history at Georgia's Civil War Sites!** Hunt for minie balls. Trace battle lines of opposing forces. See where history happened exactly 100 years ago. Participate in this year's Civil War Centennial! The whole family will enjoy a vacation in one or more places of historical interest in Georgia. Listed here are just a few of many Georgia historical spots to see.

**Ft. Pulaski National Monument** One of the best preserved fortresses constructed for US Coastal defense during the first half of the nineteenth century. On April 11, 1862 Pulaski fell to the North after bombardment from new rifled cannon... proving brick fortifications completely obsolete. *Off U.S. 80 between Savannah and Savannah Beach.*

**Ft. McAllister, near Savannah** Located on the Ogeechee River, this earthwork was one of the principal defenses of Savannah and withstood attacks during 1862 and 1863. In 1864 the fortress fell after a gallant effort to defend it. After this defeat, Confederate forces were withdrawn from Savannah. *Off Georgia 63, South of Savannah.*

**Stone Mountain Memorial Park** Don't miss this world famous geological and historical wonder, a memorial park dedicated to the heroes of the Confederacy. See the battlefield Diorama, showing in sequence the decisive Georgia battles of the War between the States... Stone Mountain Plantation, authentically restored ante-bellum house... the memorial carving, featuring Generals Lee, Jackson, and President Davis—plus much more. *Located 15 miles East of Atlanta on U.S. 78.*

**Chickamauga National Battlefield** Confederate General Bragg routed the Yankees here in 1863. Today it's a national historical park, with restored battlefields and explanatory plaques and artillery pieces in place. Also an excellent museum. *In northwest Georgia, off U.S. Highway 41.*

**Andersonville National Cemetery** More than 50,000 Union soldiers were imprisoned in this Confederate stockade from February, 1864, to April, 1865. MacKinlay Kantor's best-selling novel "Andersonville" recalls this dramatic and tragic story. *On Georgia Highway 19, South, near Americus.*

**Kennesaw National Monument and Battlefield Park** Here opposing armies locked together in a dramatic death struggle for the gateway to Atlanta... one of the most important engagements of the War between the States, took place at Kennesaw Mountain. New Visitors Center contains artifacts and relics of the battle. *U.S. 41, 2 miles north of Marietta.*



For additional information on Georgia vacations and Centennial sites, write to:  
Tourist Division,  
Georgia Department of Industry and Trade,  
100 State Capitol Building, Atlanta, Georgia

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# Were Forrest and Bate Haunted by Ghosts of Stone's River?

**SHOCK** waves from the Battle of Nashville traveled all across Middle Tennessee, with raids and counter-raids up and down the Cumberland River. The biggest and hardest fought of all these engagements could be called, for lack of a name, the

Third Battle of Murfreesboro. The Confederate commander at Murfreesboro was the same man who had commanded Southern forces in the first battle fought at that place in 1862 — Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest.

The Federals had a garrison of 8,000 men under Gen. Lovell Rousseau. The garrison was well protected by formidable works which Federals had built around the town after the Battle of Stone's River, sometimes called the Battle of Murfreesboro.

## Shallow Graves

Robert Selph Henry wrote that "the fight was over the same fields and rocky cuestas glades where 100,000 men had battled for three days, over ground still littered with the wreckage of that struggle and with, here and there, the gleam of white bones protruding from some imperfect graves washed by the rains of two years."

About the same time Forrest was sent to Murfreesboro, Hood ordered Bate's division, commanded by Gen. W. B. Bate of Castalian Springs, to proceed along the railroad toward Murfreesboro, capturing blockhouses along the way and tearing up track. At that time Bate's division was only 1,800 strong, consisting of Jackson's, Tyler's and Finley's brigades, and Slocumb's battery.

At this time Tyler's brigade was commanded by Gen. Thomas Benton Smith, and Finley's by Major Joseph Lash. Hood did not speak to Bate about the garrison at Murfreesboro, and Bate asked for instructions. In reply Hood estimated the garrison at 5,000 (it was 8,000) and said 5,000 of his cavalry would assist in the operation. He told Bate to use his own judgment as to the expediency to destroy the railroad.

## Took Blockhouses

Bate took the blockhouses at Stewart's Creek, Reed's Branch and Smyrna and destroyed much of the railroad, beating off enemy attacks all day on Dec. 4.

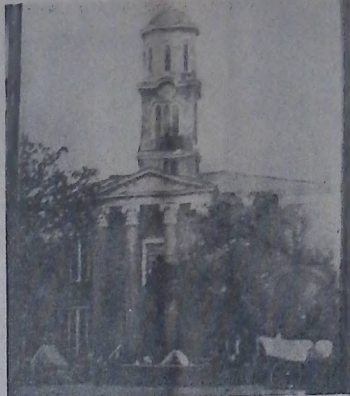
On the following day Bate and Forrest joined forces at a point four miles south of Lavergne. With him Forrest had two cavalry divisions, Buford's and Jackson's, and two small brigades of infantry, Sear's and Palmer's. The combined force now numbered perhaps 6,500 men.

Near Murfreesboro, Rousseau's men occupied an extensive and formidable group of earthworks known as Fortress Rosecrans, enclosing 200 acres and mounting 67 guns. Forrest led a reconnaissance in force right up to the Federal works. After a close study of the fortifications, he decided they could not be stormed and taken by so small a force.

## Forrest Noted

In the meantime General Bate was taking a dim view of the proceedings. He felt the expedition ought to remain on the railroad, destroying track as ordered, and stay away from the powerful garrison at Murfreesboro. Forrest, however, outranked Bate and was giving the orders.

While matters stood thus, on December 7, the Federals resolved the deadlock by marching out of their works to give battle. This, of course, was just what Forrest wanted. Lined up behind breastworks,



This photo of the court house at Murfreesboro was made during the Civil War. Two Federal army tents and a Federal wagon appear on the lawn. The court house is still in use.

his men prepared to receive the Federal attack with about an equal number of troops. In the meantime Buford, with a detachment, rode around Murfreesboro and came in on the Woodbury Pike to the center of town, just as Forrest had done two years before.

As the Federals approached Forrest rode up and down the line and said:

"Men, all I ask you to do is hold the enemy back for 15 minutes, which will give me sufficient time to gain their rear with my cavalry, and I will capture the last one of them."

Nathan Bedford Forrest himself reported what happened next:

"The enemy moved boldly forward, driving in my pickets,

when the infantry, with the exception of (Thomas Benton) Smith's brigade, from some cause which I cannot explain, made a shameful retreat, losing two pieces of our artillery. I seized the colors of our retreating troops and endeavored to rally them, but they could not be moved by any entreaty or appeal to their patriotism. Major-General Bate did the same thing, but was equally as unsuccessful as myself. I hurriedly sent Major Strange of my staff to Brigadier General Armstrong and Ross of Jackson's division, with orders to say to them that everything depended on their cavalry. They proved themselves equal to the emergency by charging on the enemy, thereby checking his further advance."

During this retreat an eyewitness said that Forrest was in a magnificent rage. Seeing a Confederate color bearer running to the rear he shot the man down, seized the colors and shouted, "Rally men—for God's sake, rally!" But the men "broke around him as water breaks around a rock," as Andrew Lytle put it. And finally Forrest threw the flag, staff and all at an officer who was outrunning his men.

## Federals Fell Back

The upshot of it all was that the Federals, hearing of Buford's approach in their rear, and faced by new cavalry forces in front, fell back into their works. Bate was ordered

back to Nashville, and both Forrest and Hood brought his infantry had behaved badly. Bate, however, said the cavalry gave no warning of the Federal approach, and if the cavalry did any fighting at all, he was not aware of it.

Bate was replaced by A. J. Smith's brigade under the command of Col. Charles H. O'Connell, and his division got back to Nashville in time to participate in the great battle of Dec. 15-16.

Regarding the fight at Murfreesboro, Forrest later reported:

"I did not fall back for the purpose of drawing the enemy out, but because he drove me back. The infantry sent me I do not think can be relied on to charge the enemy's work."

The affair today was most disgraceful, all the men and most of the officers, with the exception of Smith's brigade, having fled in confusion at the first approach of the enemy.

"The artillery was handled well but the only thing that saved the army was Armstrong's and Ross getting in the enemy's rear and charging them, thereby checking their advance." — N. B. Forrest.

It ought to be added that Forrest did not criticize Bate personally regarding him as a gallant officer and a brave man. After the war Bate was elected to the U. S. Senate from Tennessee.

Forrest remained in the vicinity of Murfreesboro after the battle, though making no

attempt to attack the fortifications. As for the Federals, they seemed content to remain within their lines.

While Forrest remained in the vicinity of Murfreesboro a part of his men were near their homes. In Company C of the Second Tennessee Cavalry every man went home except one lieutenant. One of these men, J. E. J. Hawkins, was killed near Auburn.

When Hood was defeated at Nashville he immediately ordered the return of Forrest. The order to move came just as a Confederate regiment

was about to fall upon a Federal cavalry company commanded by Col. Joseph Blackburn. Forrest swept across country, and with Gen. Ed. Ward Wallhall's division formed a valiant rear guard for the Confederate retreat across the Tennessee.

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# Little Girl's Memories of War in Nashville

## \* Melancholy Music, A Grim Cortege

By MAY WINSTON CALDWELL

THE FIRST thing that I remember about Nashville during the Civil War was the excitement when my eldest sister and one of our cousins came running home from church one Sunday morning in 1862 with the news that Fort Donelson had fallen and that the Federal gunboats were in possession of the Cumberland River.

I thought a Federal gunboat must be the most dreadful thing in the world and that the Yankees were horrible monsters, but we soon found that they were very considerate, especially the officers in charge.

My fright was soon lost sight of, however, in the rush of preparation for a journey. My father and mother planned to follow the Confederate army to a place of safety. The first stop would be at our farm about six miles south of Nashville.

In these days a journey was such an unusual thing for children that the prospect of actually going on a trip completely overshadowed the reasons for which my mother and the older members of the family were hastily assembling our belongings. . . . The plan was to get the women and children of the family to a place of safety, and it was to this end that hasty preparations were being made.

### Mother's Patterns

They say that when we were packing to follow the Confederate army my mother suddenly remembered her dress patterns, which were very valuable in those days when clothing for the whole family was made at home, and patterns obtained by much labor in fitting and adjusting. They were exchanged between friends and neighbors like choice recipes or cuttings from favorite fashions.

My mother's patterns were cut out from old newspapers, and so the story goes, when she started packing she became so interested in reading the articles on them that she forgot to pack them. I so often think of the tragedy and sad awakening of the young girl who, during the period in finding their young men friends overnight, found the army and marching were in their lovely uniforms to the strain of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

### Under the Spell

It is no wonder that in their bereft state of mind, many fell under the spell and charm of the Union soldiers, and some gave their hearts and hands in marriage, hoping to find youth and happiness again. Life without romance is dull indeed. I remember clearly the day and night that our troops were retreating from the city. My brother, a Confederate officer, was at home on a furlough, convalescing from a wound. As his comrades left they came to tell him goodbye, and I could hear their footsteps and the clanking of their swords as they went to his room and out again into the darkness to join the other tramping feet I heard in the street.

When daylight came, we saw that in the retreat the wagons and horses had laid waste our garden. The fences were down, the flowers were broken and trampled by marching feet. To our children this was the greatest tragedy of the war.

### Toles of the War

From March to November this garden was our outdoor dining-room; all our pleasures and interests were centered there; and to have it destroyed was a sad loss. The spirit of this garden was a much beloved brother who

This picture of serious-faced little May Winston was taken about the time of the Civil War, when she saw the "mock funeral" of Abe Lincoln.



May Winston's mother fell to reading her dress patterns, while Federals

sick and wounded of both armies.

### A Heavy Toll

I remember that such diseases as typhoid, smallpox, measles, mumps, and others which spread rapidly in the close, unsanitary quarters, took a heavier toll of life than the

cannon of the enemy. The truth of my father's words was deeply impressed upon me when, nearly 60 years later, I stood by the bedside of my beloved youngest son at Camp Taylor.

Here I saw the angel of death, in her black robes, hovering over that great encampment with its splendid array of Anglo-Saxon youth. Not satisfied with the havoc that was being wrought by shot and shell, she brought the deep influenza.

### After the War

After the war our property continued to be used as a barracks, and army prisoners were kept in a guard house nearby. One day I saw the earth move on our lawn. Then a man's head appeared, and then a man. He looked at me, and turned and ran away. He was a prisoner who had dug a tunnel under the wall of the guard house, and crawled through it to make his escape.

One reason that the Federal army kept such a heavy guard after the war was over was because of the disorder and lawlessness which terrorized the city. It was said that the soldiers from the barracks were the chief offenders. There was a band of robbers who entered the homes of Nashville citizens at will, and they apparently eluded the authorities.

One night some of these robbers entered the home of two of my little playmates and went through even the bedroom of these little girls. They snatched together and made no sound until the intruders had gone. The same night the home of an aunt of these children was entered, and the aunt, frightened by the entrance of the robbers, ran to the bedroom of her brother, where she fell fainting on the floor. The entire city was infested by bands of men—whether soldiers or just groups

of lawless people, no one ever knew.

### At Fort Negley

It was said that the headquarters of the robbers was in Fort Negley. In the rumor used to store ammunition; and that from this cellar they had dug a tunnel to the McNairy vault in the old City Cemetery near by.

Each Saturday afternoon it was the custom of my mother to take Uncle Paul, the gardener, to the cemetery to trim the grass and flowers around the family graves; and we children, untroubled by the solemnity of the occasion, used to play on the road which forms a circle around an underground vault.

The McNairy vault also faced this circle road, and the rusty doors of the tomb struck ajar just enough to allow the body of a man to pass through. When any of us felt unusually brave we would creep up to this opening and then rush back to the others, shrieking that we had seen the robbers.

### Perilous Nights

When anyone was sick and the services of my father were needed, two armed men came for him; and, after he had made his visit, accompanied him home. A lone figure walking the streets at night was in grave danger of being knocked down and robbed, or even killed, for the sport of it. The thing that struck terror to us children more than the Ku Klux Klan that had its meetings in the then abandoned Fort Negley. When twilight came, or in the misty moonlight, these figures of ill-omen would saunter forth.

The appearance of one of the Klan caused consternation; and after seeing one, it was days before we got back to normal. Each member of the Klan was required to provide himself with a costume. This was a white mask for the face, with openings for the eyes and mouth.

### Cardboard Hat

A tall cardboard hat was so constructed as to make the wearer appear much taller than he was. A long robe concealed the entire person, and there was also a covering for the hands. By means of signals agreed upon, they communicated with each other.

Being near Fort Negley, where they held their midnight meetings, our street was a frequent rendezvous for these riders of the night. We realize that this mysterious organization was a chivalrous knight whose task was to rescue our helpless people from the terrors of the carpetbaggers and the reconstruction regime from which we suffered for years after the war.

### Mock Funeral

Another spectacle for the reconstruction days was the mock funeral for President Lincoln. As we children viewed this solemn and ominous procession we realized that it was in the honor of the passing of a man whose wish and symbolic attitude would make him in years to come beloved and respected by all, and that his assassination made things more difficult for the hard Pressed Southland.

I do not know just why Nashville was required to show this respect to the dead chief—perhaps it was because there was an army post stationed here. At any rate, we

May Winston was a little girl when the Civil War came to Nashville. She lived in a big plantation type house on Fifth Avenue, South, on the hill just north of the Old City Cemetery. Her mother was related to George Rogers Clark.

When she grew up, May was married to Nashville financier James E. Caldwell, and became the mistress of the mansion Longview, on Franklin Road. She became a leader in the activities of the DAR and other historical societies, and was the moving spirit in the restoration of Fort Negley and the erection of the Peace monument overlooking the battlefield at Nashville.

Mrs. Caldwell loved homes and gardens, and in 1911 she published "Beautiful and Historic Homes Around Nashville." In 1936, recalling her memories of the Civil War as a child, she published a little book for her children, "A Chapter From the Life of a Little Girl of the Confederacy." This story, just as she wrote it, is taken from the pages of that book.

beat of the drum as it kept time to the funeral dirge.

### Fear and Dread

There was not the least danger of our running up and down the streets in our mother's fear of the Yankees. We were chained to the spot with fear and dread as the drum beat with its "tum tum tum-tum-tum-tum" was ushering in something dreadful that we could not understand.

The first thing to catch our eyes was the soldiers on horseback with their trappings of war and their prancing steeds, then the band with its dirge-like music—so different from anything I ever heard before: even the flag, that always floated out on the breeze so joyously, was half-masted.

Then came the caisson or gun carriage, drawn by six horses, draped in black, and on their heads black plumes, looking very much like a drum major's plumes; and, as the horses moved slowly along, the plumes waved up and down very much as if they, too, were keeping time to that ominous and dirge-like music. Then came the infantry, marching two abreast with the officers in charge, leading the way, all looking warlike. I know it made not only our parents, but even our children, feel as if life and hope had passed away.

### Just a Village

Nashville at that time was hardly more than a village compared to its present size. But it was a stronghold of the Union Army. After the fall of Fort Donelson in 1862, General Grant was from time to time stationed in Nashville, and while here he received his appointment as general of all the Federal forces. With him were General Rosecrans, General Buell, and General Thomas.

For business headquarters

they occupied the Cunningham home on High Street. This building afterwards became the Hermitage Club. (Now occupied by Cross Keys restaurant). General Grant's sleeping quarters were located across the street in the Daniel F. Carter residence. In appreciation of the courtesy shown him in this home, General Grant when he left the city gave Mr. Carter a letter stating that he was not to be molested in any way by the Union Army. This letter saved the Carter home on several occasions.

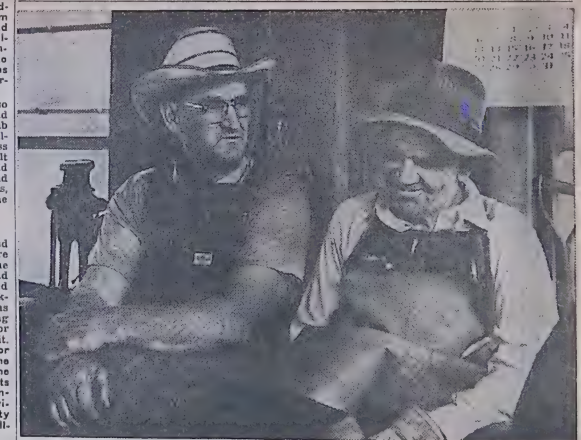
Nashville suffered great damage during the occupation by these troops. The brick sidewalks were broken up and used in making foundations for officers' tents; fences were torn down, buildings were often destroyed or mutilated by the rough usage they received, and the streets themselves were full of ruins where the great army trains had passed over them.

### From the Ashes

The historian Fenton, in his "Life of Andrew Jackson," published in 1839, speaks of Nashville as a southern Philadelphia with its brick walks and its antebellum homes nestled back from the streets which bore such quaint names as High, Vine, Spruce, and Summer. Now after having been despoiled by the ravages of war, it has arisen from its ashes and is known as the "Athens of the South."

Let us hope that the mists of tears caused by the sorrow and tragedies of war have been blown away by the winds of time and that we are, and will ever be, a united people.

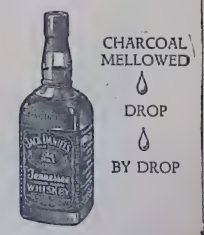
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One faith for all whatever betide,  
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## Fast-Firing Repeaters Gave Feds Advantage

WILSON'S Union cavalry at the Battle of Nashville was armed with the Spencer magazine rifle, as were some of the men in Cox's infantry division of the Federal Twenty-third Corps.

This repeating rifle gave the Federals a great advantage in firepower over the Confederates, whose muzzle-loading rifles had to be reloaded from the business end, with a ramrod, could fire once and then had to be reloaded. The difference in firepower could have been the decisive factor in the battle.

If the United States Government had been alert to the development of new weapons, every soldier in the Federal army could have been armed with the repeater in the winter of 1864-65. The weapon had been available for well over a year.

Early in 1863, more than a year and a half before the Battle of Nashville, Col. John T. Wilder was commanding the First Brigade (Federal), of the Fourth Division, Twenty-third Corps, commanded by Gen. George H. Thomas after the Battle of Stone River. At

his own expense, later repaid by the men themselves, Wilder armed his 2,000-man brigade of mounted infantry with the new Spencers.

"In a number of skirmishes with the cavalry of the enemy," Wilder wrote, the men soon found themselves equal

to at least twice or three their number of men armed with the breech-loading rifle.

A few breech-loading rifles were manufactured in the Confederacy during the war, but facilities and know-how for the manufacture of repeaters simply were not available. Confederate soldiers captured a number of Spencers from Federal troops, and toward the end of the war some fixed ammunition for these rifles was manufactured in the South.

The best rifles in the Southern army were telescopic-equipped Whitworths imported from England. These were muzzle-loaders, although having fine range and accuracy, and were issued to the best shots, or "sharpshooters" in each company.

The Spencer could be fired as a single-shot weapon, in addition to which it carried seven cartridges in the magazine. It fired a one-ounce bullet of .52 caliber, held in a copper cartridge. Equipped with a bayonet and accurate up to half a mile, it was described by Wilder as a "most formidable weapon."

After the war a Federal officer remarked that the "Spencer rifle made the sweetest music that was heard during the war for the Union." He



Wilder Monument at Chickamauga

pointed out that its eight shots could be fired as rapidly as two shots could be discharged from a Springfield musket.

In addition to the Spencers used by the Union cavalry at Nashville, two companies of the 12th Kentucky regiment of Kelly's brigade, Cox's division, were armed with "revolving rifles." If these were made like revolvers, with a longer barrel, a revolving cylinder and a stock, they could be fired six times without reloading.

Gen. Wilder  
He bought repeaters



# WELCOME HISTORIC

## GREETINGS

### FRANK G. CLEMENT, Governor of Tennessee

Tennessee has the greatest diversity of recreational resources and advantages of any state in the Union. Rich in heritage, Tennesseans are a proud generation of modern pioneers—building, working, growing together in pace with progress everywhere. From the air, along the miles of super-highways and on the waterways, there exists the excitement of variety in scenic landscape ranging from cotton fields and grazing plains to the Great Smoky Mountains. In each of these areas, the people have slightly different but interesting customs and traditions. All these qualities, within the borders of our great state, make Tennessee the most interesting state in the nation. The people of Tennessee join with me in extending a cordial invitation to our friends from coast to coast to visit our state and participate in this commemoration of the Centennial of the Battle of Nashville.



### DONALD M. McSWEEN, Commissioner, Department of Conservation

More than 24,000,000 tourists visited Tennessee last year and enjoyed a wide variety of recreation facilities and the historic sites including numerous Civil War Battles. Twenty-one State Parks offer fun and excitement for the whole family year 'round. Twenty-two Great Lakes provide America's most fabulous fresh-water fishing. Big game hunting and skiing in the East Tennessee mountains attract adventurous sportsmen. The friendly people of Tennessee welcome visitors and encourage them to share in the recreation pleasures and visit the sites of historic significance.

#### HIGHLIGHTS OF CENTENNIAL PROGRAM

##### DECEMBER 11

8 until 10 p.m., Civil War period music concert presenting patriotic tunes played by nationally known entertainers and the Nashville Symphony.

##### DECEMBER 12

9 a.m. until 4 p.m., Historic homes tour, Battle of Nashville tour with historians at key locations, Display of Civil War relics at Centennial Park. 10 a.m. until 11:30 a.m., Parading featuring re-activated Civil War units,

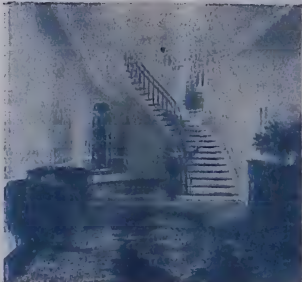
bands, floats. 2 p.m. until 4:30 p.m., Over 1,000 men in blue and gray take to the fields for the grand re-enactment of battle scenes and tactics—infantry, artillery, cavalry, just as they were one hundred years ago.

##### DECEMBER 13

9 a.m. until 4 p.m., Historic homes tour; Battlefield tour. 2 p.m. until 2:30 p.m., Re-dedication of the Battle of Nashville Monument. 3 p.m. until 3:30 p.m., Memorial services to Confederate dead. 4 p.m. until 4:30 p.m., Memorial services to Union dead.

## CIVIL WAR SITES

**CARTER HOUSE** is located a short distance from the Courthouse Square at Franklin on U.S. Highway 31. Built and designed by Fountain Branch Carter in 1830, the home was used by Union General Jacob D. Cox as a command post during the Battle of Franklin. Visible bullet holes are the grim reminders of the bloody battle staged there. History reports the Confederates suffered 6,202 casualties and 2,326 men of the Union forces were either killed or wounded.



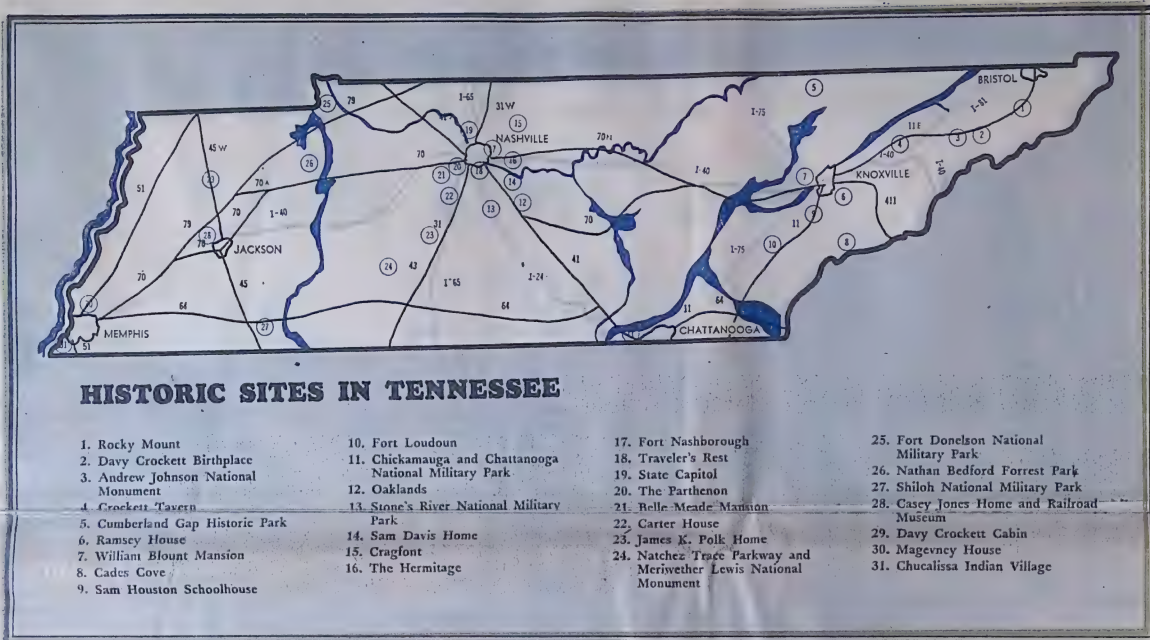
**BELLE MEADE** Mansion is located on U.S. Highway 70S in the southwest suburbs of Nashville. One of the South's most interesting showplaces, Belle Meade was first built in 1853. The original house burned and was rebuilt by General William Giles Harding, John Harding's son, as it now stands. During the Civil War, the mansion was a temporary headquarters of Confederate General James R. Chalmers.

**STONE'S RIVER BATTLEFIELD** Military Cemetery near Murfreesboro on U.S. Highways 41 and 70S is the scene of the Confederate assault on December 31, 1862. Tablets, marking the spots of action, give specific details of the Battle of Murfreesboro within the area. A pamphlet describing the battle is obtainable from the Headquarters Building at Stone's River National Military Park.





# WELCOME TO TENNESSEE



## HISTORIC SITES IN TENNESSEE

- |                                     |  |  |  |
|-------------------------------------|--|--|--|
| 1. Rocky Mount                      | 10. Fort Loudoun                                       | 17. Fort Nashborough   | 25. Fort Donelson National Military Park |
| 2. Davy Crockett Birthplace         | 11. Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park | 18. Traveler's Rest  | 26. Nathan Bedford Forrest Park          |
| 3. Andrew Johnson National Monument | 12. Oaklands   | 19. State Capitol  | 27. Shiloh National Military Park        |
| 4. Crockett Tavern                  | 13. Stone's River National Military Park               | 20. The Parthenon  | 28. Casey Jones Home and Railroad Museum |
| 5. Cumberland Gap Historic Park     | 14. Sam Davis Home                                     | 21. Belle Meade Mansion  | 29. Davy Crockett Cabin                  |
| 6. Ramsey House                     | 15. Cragfont   | 22. Carter House   | 30. Magevney House                       |
| 7. William Blount Mansion           | 16. The Hermitage                                      | 23. James K. Polk Home   | 31. Chucalissa Indian Village            |
| 8. Cades Cove                       |  | 24. Natchez Trace Parkway and Meriwether Lewis National Monument |  |
| 9. Sam Houston Schoolhouse          |  |  |  |

## HIGHWAYS PLANNED FOR TRAVEL

Tennessee is in the midst of a highway construction program which now shows that projects under contract for building total approximately \$225,000,000. By January 1, 1965 it is estimated that approximately 343 miles of interstate highway will be open for travel. Tennessee has 625 miles either open for travel or under construction. With one of the best highway departments in the nation, the Volunteer State also has an expanded program of primary and federal aid secondary systems. Additional rural roads and state projects are also under construction.

## AIRPORT FACILITIES

Seventy-six airports have facilities for the tourist or businessman using his own plane. No fuel tax and no landing fees make it convenient to drop in nearby one of the many recreation or historic locations.

## RECREATION SITES

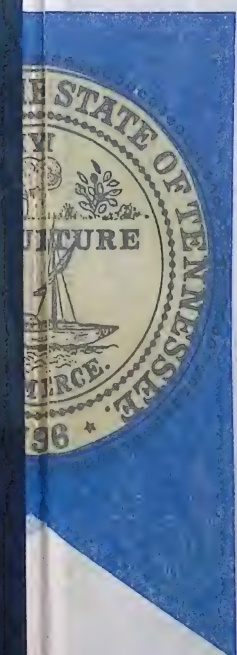
**REELFOOT LAKE**, formed by an 1811 earthquake, is now a renowned semi-tropical natural fish hatchery. Fifty-three varieties of fish are found in the lake waters. Additional attractions include an excursion boat, Kiddie Land, auditorium and museum. Picnicking and camping facilities make this an ideal family vacation spot. It is located on State Highways 21 and 22 in West Tennessee.



**GATLINBURG SKI RESORT** and ultra-modern lodge sits high in the Great Smoky Mountains at Gatlinburg, Tennessee. Skiing is one of the most glamorous winter sports in America. Once relegated to very few spots in the west and northeast, now it is available to Tennesseans and is a big attraction to tourists from out-of-state. European-style Chalets hidden along mountain trails offer a unique winter retreat.



**HENRY HORTON STATE PARK** is located in Middle Tennessee, 40 miles south of Nashville on U.S. Alternate 31 and 41. Former home of the 36th Governor of Tennessee, the park features an 18-hole, 7200 yard golf course and year round accommodations of a motel, cabins, restaurant, tent camping and fishing.





# Back Before the Civil War People Called It Compton's Hill

**SHY'S HILL**, looming up above Harding Place and the Granny White Pike, is the most famous and physically the most prominent landmark of the Battle of Nashville. It can be seen for miles around.

Until about 10 years ago, when Harding Place was extended past the spot, Shy's Hill was a deserted knob on the A. M. Burton farm, not approached by any road closer than Granny White. Now the knob is belted by new roads and homes, and is a part of the residential community of Seven Hills.

Today the hilltop is owned by the Tennessee Historical Society, a gift of the late real estate developer and philanthropist, Mr. A. M. Burton. It is a lovely spot, and almost every Sunday finds a score of hikers on its crest.

It was not until November, 1912 that Shy's Hill came into general notice, historically speaking, as a landmark in the Battle of Nashville. A few years before that, it had been referred to in the Confederate Veteran as Compton's Hill.

On that date, however, the Veteran carried two letters on Shy's Hill that have become an authentic part of the history of that eminence which rises above the Granny White Pike at Harding Place.

## Marshall's Letter

In the September Veteran A. E. Glanville, of Pon, Kansas speaks of "Shy's Hill, one of the Overton Hills," as connected with the battle of December 16, 1864.

The origin of the name is clear. I have been on it twice in the last three years. The breastworks were built on its crest by Brigadier General Ector, of Stewart's Corps, the night of December 15, 1864, and were occupied by Brigadier General W. B. Bate, of Cheatham's Corps, after General Ector had returned to his own corps, and are the most distinct now of any of the lines around Nashville.

## Bate's Report

General Bate's report in the "War Records" Vol. XLV, gives an account of these events. He says that the hill was called Shy's Hill because of Col. Shy's death there. J. A. Smith's report (somewhat mutilated) in the same book gives further information.

The hill is not strictly one of the Overton Hills, as it is an isolated hill lying within the curve of the Overton Hills, but hardly over four hundred yards from the main Overton Hills range. It lies between the Hillsboro and the Granny White Pikes, about a quarter of a mile from each. On the Granny White Pike you reach it through the gate of Obo Sawyer, nearly opposite the famous Lea home.

**(EDITOR'S NOTE: Since this report in 1912 many reads have been opened up around Shy's Hill including Harding Place and reads named for generals who fought there. The Obo Sawyer place referred to here is the present location of St. Bartholomew's Church.)**

The Nashville Industrial Bureau is just now (1912) in the act of putting about 20 large metal markers on the lines of Dec. 15, and this fall will place them on the lines of December 16, including Shy's Hill. Their plan is also to publish a booklet description of this battlefield and to have, if the County Court will so direct, a new road, opened across the country at Shy's Hill.

## Editor's Comment

To this letter the editor of the Veteran, S. A. Cunningham, appended a footnote. He wrote:

The editor of the Veteran was near the top of Shy's Hill during the battle of December 16. The eastern slope was covered with bluegrass. The right of Cheatham's division extended to within about 100 yards of the top of Shy's Hill. The Federals broke Bate's line near the crest, but they would have been forced back had it not become so apparent that the Federals were getting in our rear on our left and that the only hope of the Confederates was in running out. As gallant men undertook to rally the Confederates there as ever contented for Southern rights as homes. Re-treating from the Federal forces there was the most patriotic service that could possibly be rendered, as that only saved the army. Private soldiers realized that the greatest generals that ever lived could not have done anything to save the army.

## Compton Home

In the same issue of the Veteran appeared a letter from Mrs. Emily C. Thompson of Birmingham. She wrote:

In the September Veteran Mr. A. E. Glanville, of Pon, Kansas, asks why the hill between the Granny White and Hillsboro Pikes was called Shy's Hill. As I claim to be a veteran, especially of the battle before Nashville (for I was in my old home with my parents, a very short distance from the place) I shall reply.

Colonel Shy fell on the afternoon of December 15. His body, with many others of both armies, was laid upon the front gallery of our home. Shortly afterwards a Federal guard called my attention to Colonel Shy. Then turning back from the face a gray blanket which some kind friend had placed over the body, I saw him as he lay peacefully there with that cruel hole in his brow. I know of no other reason for the name.

The hill was owned by my father, Felix Compton, for years, and was known as Compton's Hill. It is not a part of the Overton and Lea range, but stands alone, facing the hill, which was also my father's, on which the Yankee

This is Shy's Hill as it looked about 60 years ago from Granny White Pike.

batteries were placed on the afternoon of December 15. The Overton and Lea range of hills crosses the Granny White Pike about three miles south of Compton's Hill and blends with the Harpeth range to the Hillsboro Pike. Both the Granny White and Hillsboro Pikes ran through the Compton farm.

Many places around Nashville are spoken of as historical, and some are marked as such, but I have never seen the Compton home mentioned as historical, while surely it ought to be. The first night

that Hood's army camped in front of Nashville Gen. James R. Chalmers established his headquarters in my home. After 10 days he moved across to the Harding Pike, and General Wadsworth came with his staff and were at our home until the afternoon of December 15. On what a flood of memories come over me as I write! Both of these generals were from Mississippi.

The old home of my girlhood is still standing, and my brother, who saw it last spring, says it is just as it was in the Sixties. **(EDITOR'S NOTE: This**

house is still (1964) standing, and is owned and occupied by A. M. Burton.)

My personal experiences during these years of trouble were venture some. They had even some dash and much of pathos. The old home was built in 1857 by my father. It fronts the Hillsboro Pike on the left hand side just five miles from the Public Square in Nashville. It is a two-story frame with long galleries in front and back. It shows now only two marks of the shot and shell that rained about it. One is a minie ball hole in the front

door which is now stopped up with putty and painted over. This ball passed into the staircase. Then at the south side of the house a shrapnel shell went through a tin gutter that my mother would never allow repaired.

## Saw Campfires

General French's command was just one mile nearer town on the 15th of December. They fell rapidly back to the Compton Hill, on which General Bate's command was entrenched. From the windows of our home I watched the campfires of our boys all night on the 15th of December. They were camped in my father's hills and the hills of my great-uncle, Harry Compton, between the Granny White and Hillsboro Pikes. The next day our line gave way and passed on to the south.

There were 150 dead and

wounded in our house at one time, so I was told. My mother and I were permitted to give water to the Confederates and some bread and milk, for that was all we had for three days except what an old black woman stole and begged from the Yankees for us.

For 17 days the house was a hospital. In the first three days Lieutenant Giles, of Franklin, Tenn., and Lieut. John Chambers, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, died in the house. We buried Mr. Chambers in the garden. After the war his father came for the body. Lieutenant Giles's family buried him at his home.



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# Stop All You Can... Let's Make a Stand Here'

JUST WHAT happened on Shy's Hill?

Was the peak at Granny White Pike and Harding Place the scene of a heroic stand or a disgraceful panic?

The most colorful account of the action on the hill was written by a man who was in the middle of the fighting. His name was James Linton Cooper, a lieutenant on the staff of Confederate General Thomas Benton Smith.

Cooper's remarkable letter was written to the NASHVILLE AMERICAN and was published on Jan. 26, 1889, 25 years after the battle. He did not sign it, except for the letter "C." but careful investigation has shown that it was written by Cooper, whose children and grandchildren are still living in Nashville.

James Cooper was the second son of Washington B. Cooper, famous Nashville portrait painter, and his wife, Ann Edmon. At the time of the battle he was just 20 years old. In 1860 he married Sarah Vaughn, moved to a farm north of Nashville and became well known as a farmer and breeder of Jersey cattle. His Civil War diary and a brief biography appeared in the Quarterly of the Tennessee Historical Society in June, 1956.

James Cooper lived a long and happy life, but it is certain that he never forgot what happened to him on Dec. 16, 1864. His unsigned letter to the American follows:

★ ★ ★

**The Letter**  
To the Editor of the American:

A few personal observations of the battle of Nashville suggested by S. A. C.'s article of the 17th may be of interest to some of your readers who participated in that memorable struggle and rout.

The writer was General T. B. Smith, commanding Tyler's Brigade of Bate's division. The brigade was composed of Tennesseans with the exception of the Thirty-seventh



Col. William Shy  
He died on the hill

Georgia Regiment and Caswell's Fourth Battalion of Georgia's sharpshooters, two as gallant commands as ever faced an enemy.

The Tennessee regiments were what was left of the Second, Tenth, Fifteenth, Twentieth, Thirtieth and I believe the Thirty-seventh regiments, all consolidated into regiment and commanded by Col. Shy of the Twentieth Regiment.

This brigade did not fighting on the 16th. Late in the afternoon Bate's division was ordered from the right, near the Nolensville Pike, to our left, which had been sorely pressed during the day.

**A Gay Scene**

I think we passed by Mr. Overton's house. It was a large house, filled and surrounded by generals and staff officers who, to an envious outsider, seemed to be paying more attention to some pretty girls than to the duties of the hour, and were having a good time generally. My heart was with them, but I couldn't stop.

After dark we crossed the Granny White Pike and, with our line extended from a little beyond the summit of a very steep hill, probably half a mile beyond the pike, well down upon the south side, were told to set every man at work fortifying.

Gen. Bate, as usual, was with the head of the column,

and I well remember his impressive words to me that night: "Tell Gen. Smith that every pick and shovel he can find, and don't let a man stop until they are well sheltered. We will fight here and the result of the battle may depend upon this brigade."

We did the best we could, but tools were very scarce, and some points were so rocky that it was almost impossible to make an excavation.

**Too Far Back**

When morning came we had very poor works—at some places only old logs and rocks piled together and a few shovels of dirt thrown on them. Worst of all, we found that the line had been located by the command who occupied the position before us so far back from the crest of the hill that at several points a six-foot man could not be seen from the crest of the hill, rendering it possible to mass an attacking party within a few yards of the position and be perfectly sheltered from our fire. This was actually covered by the final charge. This, of course, was not discovered till after daylight and we had no chance to remedy it then.

Between Smith's brigade and Cheatham's division, occupying the position to the left, my recollection is that there was a reserve, part of the forenoon, through which a man ran.

At daylight we had a fair line of battle, but during the day it was stretched and prodded to the left, my horse was frightened and hard to hold, and with one look after Gen. Bate, I went with the boys.

There was no more chance of retaking that hill than there was of taking Nashville, and we all knew it. Night closed down upon a thorough demoralized and routed mob making all possible haste to get into the Franklin Pike before their only way of retreat should be blocked.

Hood's army had never recovered from the demoralization caused by the fearful loss at Franklin. The sight of that slaughter pen the morning after the battle was enough to appall the strongest mind.

Speaking for myself, after twenty-five years, I cannot yet recall the memory of that awful field where the heat of the South was poured out so lavishly that it could not only be seen but smelled and felt. Three and four thick without a shudder.

—C

**A Dim View**  
The men who fought on Shy's Hill knew what a beat-



James L. Cooper  
As a young Confederate

ing they took there—that the Federal artillery fire was so heavy that "a snowbird could not have lived on the hill."

But there were others in the army, including General Hood, who took a dim view of the Confederate retreat.

When General Hood arrived in Columbia he met Bishop Charles Quintard, and handed him the following letter, which Quintard copied into his diary:

Hd. Qrs. Strahl's Brigade,  
In the field, Dec. 18, '64.

It is a duty I owe myself, brigade, division, the commanding general and to the country to state facts in regard to the panic of the army on the afternoon of the 16th.

The lines were broken about 3 p.m. on a high hill west of the Granny White Pike about half a mile—which hill was occupied by Tyler's brigade, Bate's division, and given up to the enemy without a struggle.

My command was on Tyler's left and the right of Cheatham's division.

This hill as occupied by the enemy overlooked the right of the army; and the troops seeing it in the hands of the enemy, and seeing the left wing of the army running without making a stand, fled also.

It was not fighting, nor the force of arms, nor even numbers which drove us from the hill. As far as I can now learn I did not lose more than 30 men, and about 35 small arms, already replaced.

For the first time in this war we lost our cannon. Give me the first chance and we will retake them.

Respectfully yr obedt. svt.,  
Andrew J. Keller,  
Colonel Commanding.

This letter, in Hood's possession at Columbia, had been written in heat and in haste, and addressed to the acting adjutant general of the Army of Tennessee.

In showing it to Quintard, Hood apparently wished to let the chaplain know there were officers in the army who shared his opinion of the retreat from Nashville. Quintard wrote that Hood "gave me the following Keller's letter which explains the disaster."

**'Not Handled Well'**  
Quintard paid tribute to Gen. William B. Bate as personally a gallant commander, but charged that Bate's infantry division "is not handled well."

It was true that Gen. N. B. Forrest had criticized the division for its ineffectiveness in the "Third Battle of Murfreesboro," fought a few days before the Battle of Nashville, though Smith's brigade was excepted from this charge.

The historian Park Marshall, in writing the life of General Bate, strongly defended the conduct of the Confederate troops, their endurance and hardihood, even with the best spirit, have their limitations," Marshall wrote. He added that Hood's army could not have had "a reasonable hope of success" at Nashville.

Dr. E. L. Drake, writing in Clayton's History of Davidson County, says Hood did not fully appreciate the exposed nature of the position on Shy's Hill, and that Hood's map of the battle was drawn "without reference to accuracy." The map appears in Hood's book, "Advance and Retreat."

Drake emphasizes as do other writers, that the defense of Shy's Hill had no "field of fire," and that the position could be retaken by artillery and "at several points taken in reverse." Drake wrote that "it was a hundredfold worse position than that at Cassville, Ga., which General Hood declared to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston he could not hold a half-hour against an attack."

"While the capture of this angle was a most gallant achievement on the part of the Federals and decisive of the battle," Drake summed up, "the strength of the place has been greatly overrated by historians, who have represented it as a formal and elaborate work, bristling with cannon and defended by heavy lines. This is a mistake. The defense consisted of only a shallow ditch and there were no runs which could be brought to bear upon the assaulting column; the only guns, consisting of two pieces, were under the hill to the right."

It was easy to criticize the men who lost Shy's Hill that day—but there were no critics among the men who fought on that fire-swept peak. And none could question the bravery of those like young Col. William Shy, who was powder-burned by the shot that killed him on the hill.

Bishop Quintard was, for the time, an embittered man. With a "bitter spirit" he turned away from the burial place of his friends at Columbia, and headed south with Hood's defeated army. Sick with despair he wrote in his diary:

"Alas for our poor bleeding land.  
Alas for the friends I mourn.  
Darkest of all Decembers  
Ever my life has known."



Gen. William B. Bate  
He tried to rally

covered from the demoralization caused by the fearful loss at Franklin. The sight of that slaughter pen the morning after the battle was enough to appall the strongest mind.

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## Miss Johns, Mrs. Orr 2 Who Remember

ON A cold, dark and cloudy day last January, two Nashville ladies, for the first time in their lives, went up on Shy's Hill.

They didn't go all the way to the top, but they went high enough to look east to Peach Orchard Hill and Traveler's Rest, and over the land where the Johns and Bradfords stood during the Battle of Nashville, a hundred years ago.

For Mrs. Mary T. Orr and Miss Virginia Johns it was a sentimental journey, stirring memories of stories their parents told them about the great battle. Miss Johns, born in 1878, and Mrs. Orr, born in 1879, are living links between the Civil War and the present. Each had ancestral homes on the battlefield, each can say "My mother told me..." and go from there.

Miss Johns is the daughter of Mary Bradford, a girl mentioned in Gen. John E. Hood's official report as the heroine of the battle. Her house stood squarely in the center of the "no-man's-land" of the first day of the battle, and had to be abandoned that night. When the family returned, days later, the house was a blood-stained wreck.

Miss Johns, like her mother, was a teacher. Mary Bradford taught at MBSA soon after the war, and her daughter, a graduate of the University of Nashville, taught at the Winthrop Model School and offered private lessons.

**Has a Twinkle**  
At 88 Miss Johns is sprightly but dignified, with a quick sense of humor and a twinkle in her eye. At her home at

1610 East Linden she spends more time in genealogy research. Her own ancestry goes back to John Relfo and Poshonah of the Chickasaw.

Mrs. Orr, who lives on central acres on Franklin Road, is descended from two of Nashville's oldest and best-known families, the Thompsons and the Overtons.

She is a graduate of Vanderbilt at a time when few girls had seen the inside of that institution. She asserts that she can't write, but has put her memories on tape for the benefit of future generations. In 1956, at Traveler's Rest, she delivered a paper on the life of Judge John Overton which was later printed in the quarterly of the society and recognized as a solid contribution to the history of Middle Tennessee.

The daughter of John Thompson Jr. and Mary McConnell Overton Thompson, Mrs. Orr, Mrs. Orr is the widow of Samuel H. Orr. She has daughters living in Memphis and Seattle. Having been brought up at Glen Leven, the old Thompson home on Franklin Pike, she still lives nearby on a part of the original farm.

**Things in Common**  
Miss John and Mrs. Orr have a number of things in common, one being that their fathers had land on the Franklin and Granny White Pikes, two of Nashville's most historic roads. And each of them, married "the girl next door," Mary Bradford electing to become Mrs. John Johns.

Having been brought up on the battlefield, both girls heard the Civil War talked all during their childhood. And each has a valuable store of information and anecdotes from the mouths of people who saw and heard and great battle, and fought in it, too.

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**Too Many Yankees**  
Gen. Smith would occasionally send some reckless, gallant soul (there were lots of them) covered by those old dirty rags) to creep to the edge of the hill and report the progress of the affair. They would bring back such cheerful comments as "Can't see down that hollow for Yankees," "They'll give us a-i directly," etc. To an unprejudiced mind they had been giving us just all the afternoon.

About 4 o'clock, as things seemed approaching a crisis, I was ordered by Gen. Smith to go to the left of the brigade. His adjutant, Captain Jones, was sent to the right, where (while) he remained in the center, where we were to make report if necessary.

I thought the best place for me to make observations was just over the brow of the hill (there was a bigger tree there) near the gap between Bate's left and Cheatham's right. Dismounting from my horse I sheltered myself as well as possible and prayed for night.

In a few minutes what had been feared all day occurred. A large force of the enemy massed under the crest of the hill, and by a gallant charge, dashed over the flimsy works before some of the men had time to fire a single shot. More than half the brigade were killed, wounded or captured in a hand-to-hand struggle; prominent among the killed being Col. Shy. Gen. Smith, after surrendering, was struck across the head with a sword by a Col. or Gen. McKenzie. I think, and received wounds from which he has never recovered. (EDITORS NOTE: The colonel's name was William L. McMillen.)

The first Federals I saw cross the line came through the gap between Bate's and Cheatham's divisions, but it is probable the line was broken at other points at the same time. Their guns were empty, or I would have stayed with them. Several of them made a dash at me while I was remounting on my horse, one getting so close I thought he would grab my foot while I was digging him with the spur.

**No Stop Left**  
I and the few who were with me lost no time in getting down that hill; at the foot of it I met Gen. Bate, cool as a cucumber, but using some pretty hot words in an attempt to rally the now thoroughly demoralized command.

He said: "G—, where is Gen. Smith? Stop all the men you can at this fence. Let's make a stand here."

I didn't have much stop left in me, but knew it would never do to admit it, so I said, "All right, General, but look yonder" (pointing to the hill in front) "the enemy were on the line and the enemy were so mixed they could not be told apart and to another line coming down the hill."

**Toward Dixie**  
I did not hear his reply; with a twitch of his bride he dashed off to the right to stop the rout from that direction. The "bros" were trotting past with their faces toward Dixie, paying no attention to my rather feeble requests to rally.

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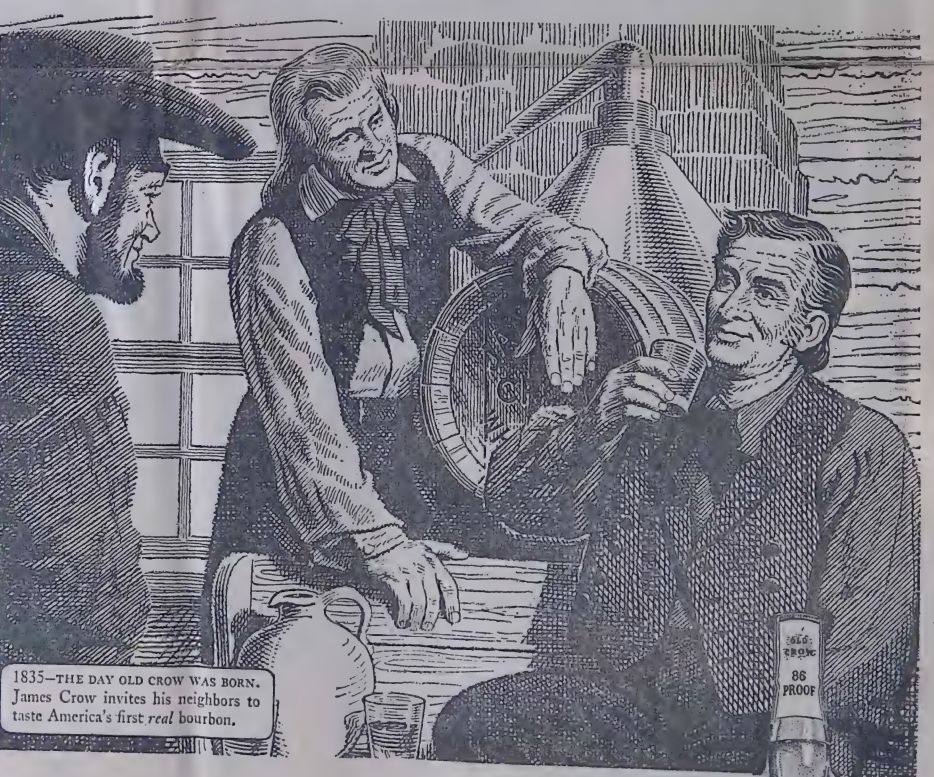
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—Staff photo by Hugh Walker  
Mrs. Mary T. Orr, left, and Miss Virginia Johns talk about yesterday — and today, too — on a visit to Shy's Hill.



# McNeilly's 'Swallowed a Rat' Kept Confederates Laughing

AS a chaplain who stuck to the firing line, lived with the soldiers and shared their hardships with never a mark of rank on his collar, perhaps none ever excelled Dr. James

Hugh McNeilly. He was best known in Nashville as pastor of the Glen Leven Presbyterian Church. McNeilly was born in Dickson county in 1838. His family were Scotch-Irish. Seceders of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church.



Dr. James Hugh McNeilly

In 1860 young McNeilly, who had attended theological school at Danville, Va., was licensed to preach at Shelbyville by the Nashville Presbytery. His biography, published by Glen Leven in 1901, says that in 1861 he was at Fort Donelson "on staff duty" and preaching to the soldiers.

## 'On Leave'

McNeilly's status in the Confederate army was not quite certain during the early months of the war. He was in Louisiana as a civilian minister when Fort Donelson fell and he remained there as pastor of the Pecan Grove church. While there, he wrote, he resisted a Confederate conscript officer, refusing to report for duty with the army. "I am a minister of the Gospel," he told the officer, "and besides I am only temporarily on leave from the army."

McNeilly's church biography says that in the fall of 1862 "his regiment was exchanged at Vicksburg, and he was enrolled as a private in the 49th Tennessee Infantry Regiment, usually known as Quarles' Regiment. He was for a time 'detached' as a chaplain and later commissioned as a chaplain with the rank of captain in the Confederate army."

Serving with the Army of Tennessee, McNeilly was in all the engagements of the Atlanta and Tennessee campaigns, being present for the battles of Franklin and Nashville. He was paroled at Tuscaloosa, Ala. late in May, 1865.

## A Sanded Letter

Late in life McNeilly wrote a series of articles on his service as a Confederate chaplain, and some of them showed a lively sense of humor which probably made life a little more bearable during the dark days in the trenches.

During the Atlanta campaign the chaplain was writing a letter to his sweetheart when a shell struck near the trench, throwing dirt and sand over his letter.

"When the same thing happened to Junot, Napoleon's favorite marshal," he noted, "he said, 'Saves me the trouble of sanding my letter'—and he got credit for courage—but no one noticed me."

## Swallowed a Rat

McNeilly told the story of a young Confederate officer who was rather "dudish" and very well dressed. He also sported a large moustache, waxed and pointed.

As the officer walked in front of a silent line of soldiers, one of the men said: "Swallowed a rat. See his tail sticking out?"

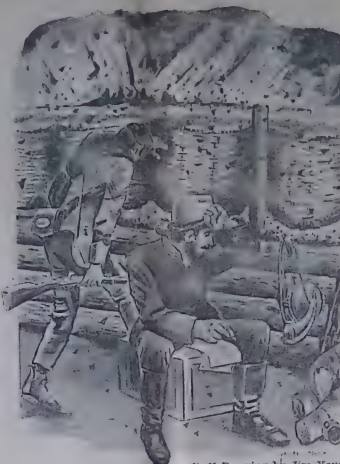
And every man in line repeated the statement, "Swallowed a rat."

The officer demanded an apology, the colonel lectured the men, and the moustached officer walked down the line again. And this time every man said:

"He did not swallow a rat. No, he did not swallow a rat. The officer finally fled the field."

During the last days of the war, McNeilly wrote that he met a friend and neighbor, Rev. H. B. Boude, of Gallatin, in Tulsa, Mississippi. Boude and his family were in dire straits, and McNeilly was temporarily rich—in Confederate money. He divided his fortune with Boude, who declined to take U. S. greenbacks. "The war is over," said Boude, "and you will need the money to get home on."

McNeilly was a hard working chaplain who liked nothing better than to be with his regiment. He was a great admirer of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest. During the retreat from Nashville McNeilly quoted Forrest's battle orders during an engagement at Sugar Creek, north of the Tennessee River:



Yankee shells interrupt McNeilly's letter writing.

ing better than to be with his regiment. He was a great admirer of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest. During the retreat from Nashville McNeilly quoted Forrest's battle orders during an engagement at Sugar Creek, north of the Tennessee River:

his line so that the end of it will reach this road."

• "Tell Morton to take his guns up that hill and put them so they will swipe down this road."

• "Tell Jackson to go back to the creek and begin fighting them fellows like the very devil."

McNeilly commented that these orders were easily understood and carried out to the letter.

## His Uniform

Charles F. Pitts in his "Chaplain in Gray" quotes McNeilly's description of his "uniform" which appeared in the Confederate Veteran for October, 1905:

"My hat was of brown jeans, quilted; my jacket of gray, with wooden buttons, had suffered sadly in the battle of Franklin. I had thrown it off so as to help a wounded comrade. As it lay on the ground a shell burst over us, and a spark fell on the middle of the back and gradually burned out a round in the cotton fabric. My shirt of checked Osageburg would not button at the collar. My pants were in strings from the knees down. My semi-atockingless feet were encased in a pair of brogans that let in air and mud through the gaping chinks."

After the war McNeilly served churches at Trenton and Humboldt, and later was called to Nashville, where he served various churches until his death. These included Woodland Street, Moore Memorial and the last, Glen Leven. The building of this last church still stands on Franklin Road.

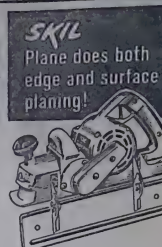
## Fervent Preaching

McNeilly is remembered in Nashville as a builder and organizer of churches, a tireless and dedicated minister of his church. One who remembers his preaching says his sermons were sometimes long and a little dry. He had a short beard, she remembers, and as a child she thought he must have looked like the Apostle Paul, his beard moving up and down with the fervency of his preaching.

McNeilly lived to use electric lights and telephones, and ride in automobiles that were over the horizon for the boys who fought at Franklin and Nashville. His service as a chaplain was only a brief part of a long and dedicated life. Perhaps he never had a finer compliment than that paid him by his brigade commander, Gen. William A. Quarles, after the Battle of Atlanta.

"I cannot refrain," Quarles wrote, "from mentioning the conduct of the Rev. J. H. McNeilly, chaplain of the 49th Tennessee Regiment. At all times a constant and faithful follower of his Master, on this occasion he exhibited the qualities of the Christian soldier. Following the blood-stained path of his regiment, he was everywhere to be seen ministering to the physical and spiritual comfort of the dying and the wounded."

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Yes, suh... your Confederate bills or coins will be accepted at face value on these famous Batteries that are made in the South, for the South! So, search the attic... and bring 'em in! Incidentally, our Bank will accept this money for deposit. They know the South may have had temporary setbacks. But defeated? Never, suh! Just "waiting on supplies!"



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# An Old Soldier, a Little Girl, a \$10 Bill

"WHEN I was a little girl," said Miss Virginia Johns, "Gen. Thomas Benton Smith gave me a ten dollar bill."

She still had it, she added, around somewhere, and one of these days she'd find it and show it to us. And in the meantime, we asked ourselves a question which only Miss Virginia could answer. Would it be a U.S. or Confederate ten dollar bill?

## Young Inventor

Smith was born at Mechanicville, Tennessee, in Rutherford County, in 1838. Living up to the name of his home town, he patented a locomotive "cow catcher" when he was 15 years old. At 16 he was sent to the military college of the University of Nashville, then headed by Bushrod Johnson, who also was destined to become a general in the Confederate Army of Tennessee. After graduating from this school, Smith spent a year at the United States Military Academy. He then got a job in the shops of the Nashville & Decatur railroad.

Early in 1861 Smith helped organize Company B of the 20th Tennessee Infantry Regiment. After the Battle of Shiloh, on the reorganization of the Twentieth, Tom Benton Smith was elected colonel of the regiment. At the time he was just 22 years old.

Severely wounded at the Battle of Stone River, Smith recovered to take command of



In 1930 Confederate vets J. D. Dowling of Ringgold, Ga. and Thomas L. Eaton of Nashville swap stories of the war.

Gen. W. B. Bate's old brigade after the Battle of Missionary Ridge. Before Atlanta he was

commissioned as a brigadier general—the second youngest in the Confederate army. In the Battle of Nashville General Smith's brigade—by then a skeleton command—held the crest of Shy's Hill on the second day, and was overrun by the Federal charge late in the afternoon. Smith was captured, and taken behind Federal lines under a guard of three soldiers. Then, 160 yards behind the lines, Smith was accosted by a sabercarrying Federal officer.

In a fit of rage the officer struck the unarmed, unresisting prisoner on the head three times with his saber, knocking him to his knees and breaking his skull. This officer, identified as Col. William L. McMillen, a brigade commander in McArthur's division, Smith's corps, claimed no other justification for his act than that he was upset over losses in his brigade, caused by volleys fired from the Confederate line.

For the remainder of the

war the seriously wounded young general was a prisoner of the Yankees. He later returned home, but he had not recovered from his injury, and gradually lost his reason. He was confined to Central State Hospital, where he lived for 34 long years after the war, dying in 1923.

General Smith, during his later years, was at times perfectly sane, and could be released from the institution for short periods. An 1880 newspaper article relates that he attended a reunion of the regiment held that summer at Glendale Park, and that for a little while he "drilled" the veterans in the hot summer sun. If their steps were a little slow and awkward, a reporter wrote, they did put up a solid front at the dinner table.

## Years Roll By

Tall, handsome, unmarried, the general lived out his days—sometimes in the sunlight of reason, and again in the darkness of insanity. His hair grew white, as the years went by, and he was a familiar figure around the hospital.

One day a young man was hunting in the vicinity when he met the bearded, erect old man, strolling near the hospital grounds. "Let me see your gun," said General Smith.

The hunter, seeing nothing wrong with the distinguished old gentleman, complied. Smith broke the gun, snapped it shut again and said: "You have done a foolish thing. You have put a loaded gun in my hands. I live over there (pointing to the asylum) and I'm crazy—at times, I might shoot you. Don't ever give your gun to a stranger."

With that he handed the gun back to the hunter, who took his departure, along with good advice.

The photograph of General Smith which appears with this sketch is from the collection of Stanley Horn. It was made either during the war,

or soon afterward, and shows him wearing his colonel's uniform.

To get back to that ten dollar bill Gen. Smith gave Miss Johns.

"It was a little girl," she said, "it was the last one the general had. He just reached into his pocket and gave it to me. I never spent it."

There were reasons other than sentimental for the bill not being spent. As she produced it, neatly folded in a little box, we concealed our curiosity while she opened it up.

She handed it to us. As we examined the bill there was a sudden lump in the throat, and a stinging in the eyes as we thought of the young brigadier who lived so long in the valley of the shadow.

The general had no Federal greenbacks to give a little girl. It was a Confederate ten dollar bill.



Gen. Thomas B. Smith Wounded at Nashville

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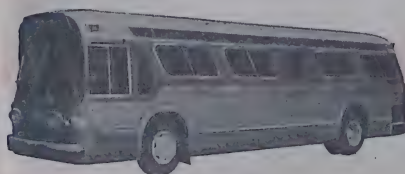
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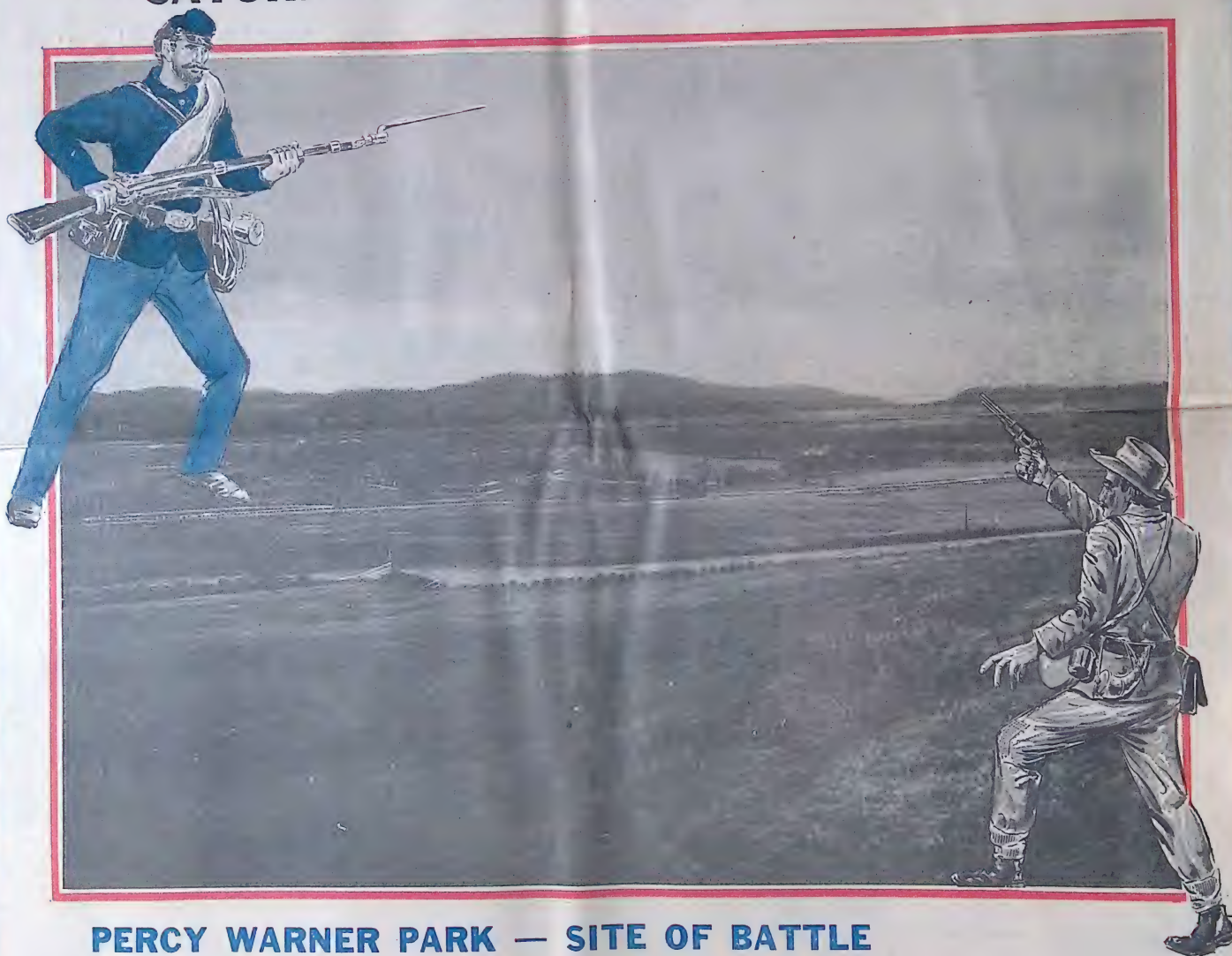


Mayor Beverly Briley And The  
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# Invite You To The **HISTORIC REENACTMENT of THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE**

**SATURDAY - DECEMBER 12th - 2 P.M.**



## **PERCY WARNER PARK — SITE OF BATTLE**

Percy Warner Park, one of 35 Metropolitan parks, will be the site of the Reenactment. The natural amphitheater with its backdrop of the historic Harpeth Hills where the annual Iroquois is held will handily accommodate the 70,000 expected spectators and participants. This is an event you will not want to miss! Cavalry, infantry and artillery units in full battle dress from all over the nation will participate in the reenactment of the encounter between the opposing sides of north and south. This will indeed be a spectacle you will long remember!

You will also want to visit Sevier Park, Richland Park, Rose Park, Reservoir Park and Ft. Negley which were involved in the battle or were part of the federal defense line.

The use of Percy Warner Park is just one of the many services provided by your Metropolitan Board of Parks and Recreation which continually endeavors to meet the challenge of the ever increasing recreational needs of Metropolitan Nashville and Davidson County.



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**For Information Concerning Park Facilities & Services Call 747-4536**



## 6 Wounds, Then Death For Billy C.

SOME of the saddest tragedies of the Civil War took place during the closing moments of the Battle of Nashville, as the Federal attack broke the left wing of Hood's army. One of these was the death of Billy Carr as described by his friend, Pvt. Sam Watkins, of the Maury Grays, CSA.

"Our regiment," Watkins wrote, "was ordered to double quick to the extreme left wing of the army, and we had to pass up a steep hill, and the dead grass was wet and slick as glass, and it was with the greatest difficulty we could get up the steep hillside."

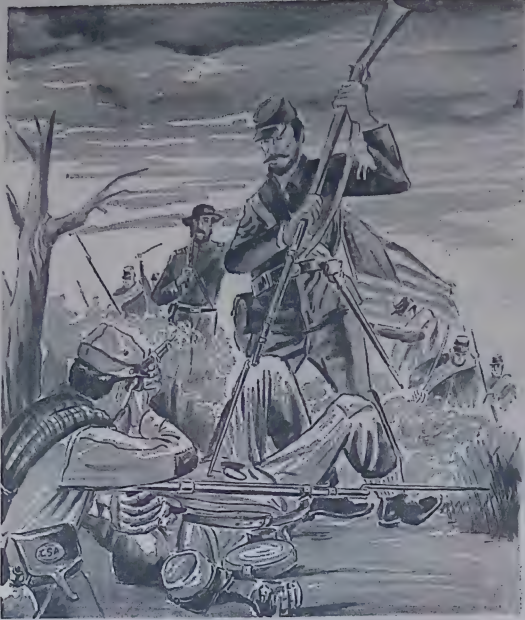
In the Bushes  
"I heard: 'Surrender, surrender!' and on looking around us I saw that we were right in the midst of a Yankee line of battle. They were lying down in the bushes, and we were not looking for them so close to us."

"We immediately threw down our guns and surrendered. J. E. Jones was killed at the first discharge of their guns, when another Yankee raised up and took deliberate aim at Billy Carr, and fired, the ball striking him below the eye and passing through his head."

"Billy Carr was one of the bravest and best men I ever knew." He had been badly wounded at Perryville, Mur-

## REBEL GIFTS!

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—Staff Drawing by Jim Young  
Lt. Thomas Shaw of Nashville is pinned to the earth by a Federal bayonet.

freeshore, Chickamauga, the octagon house, Dead Angle and the 2nd of July at Atlanta.

"In every battle he was wounded, and finally, in the very last battle of the war, surrendered up his life for his country's cause. His bones rest yonder on the Overton Hills."

### Pinned Down

Another and incident occurred when the Federal charge broke Hood's left. "Of those in the breach," E. L. Drake reported, "few escaped. At this point fell one of the bravest officers in the army, Lt. Thomas Shaw of Co. C, Second Tennessee."

"He only yielded when

pinned to the earth with a bayonet through his body, from the effects of which he died in a hospital in Nashville."

Drake went on to say that Shaw would have been taken to his father's house in Nashville, but he refused to take the oath of allegiance and was taken to the Federal hospital instead.

In the Battle of Franklin it was said that Robert Bring-

hurst of Clarksville, 29-year-old son of William Bringhurst, went into battle on crutches, not having recovered from wounds received before Atlanta.

Bringhurst, adjutant of the 49th Tennessee infantry regiment, caught up with Hood's army just before it reached Franklin, and insisted on joining in the charge. That night, bleeding from seven bullet wounds, he died in a hospital near the battlefield.

### 'Gamest Little Human'

## Selene Wouldn't Go in the House!

THE OFFICIAL heroine of the Battle of Nashville was the courageous Mary Bradford, who tried to rally Confederates near Granny White Pike. But another young lady also won the attention of contending armies.

Her name was Selene Harding and she lived at Belle Meade, the beautiful estate on Harding road which is now operated by the Association for the Preservation of Tennessee Antiquities. She was the daughter of William Harding, owner of the Belle Meade plantation.

On the first day of battle, when Confederate Gen. James

Chalmers found his cavalrymen hard pressed by bluecoats, he sent Lt. James Dinkins with a company to Belle Meade to bring off a wagon train which was parked on the race track there.

Dinkins and his company found the yard full of Yankees. "But they immediately charged. But Dinkins quickly encountered another body of Federals who in turn charged, and sent the Confederates scurrying."

"Bullets were clipping the shrubbery and striking the house," Dinkins wrote, "and nine of the enemy were killed or wounded and some 15 captured. As we rode back we saw Miss Selene Harding standing

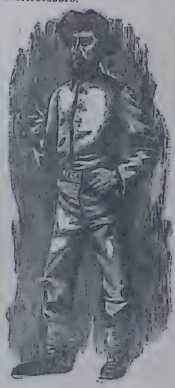


Selene Harding  
Waved to the boys

on the stone arm of the front steps waving her handkerchief. The bullets were falling thick and fast about her, but she had no fear in her heart. She looked like a goddess. She was the gamest little human being in all the crowd."

"I passed and caught her handkerchief and urged her to go back in the house, but she would not until the boys had disappeared behind the barn. They fell back across the pike and awaited the coming of General Chalmers, who soon appeared."

After the war Selene became the wife of Gen. W. H. Jackson, who at the time of the battle was commanding a division of Forrest's cavalry, engaged in the Third Battle of Murfreesboro.



A Typical Soldier  
Of the Confederacy

## Davis Pepped Up Sam Watkins

THE MORALE of Pvt. Sam Watkins, CSA, was mighty low after the loss of Atlanta. But after Hood's Army of Tennessee retreated to Palmetto, Ga. and had time to rest, Watkins began to feel better.

The Army of Tennessee had two distinguished visitors at Palmetto, President Jefferson Davis and Confederate Secretary of State Robert Toombs. "I can remember now," Watkins wrote years later, "Gen. Robert Toombs and Hon. Jeff Davis' speeches. I remember how funny Toombs' speech was."

"He kept us all laughing, by telling us how quick we were going to whip the Yankees, and how they would skedaddle back across the Ohio river like a dog with a tin oyster can tied to his tail. Capt. Joe P. Lee and I laughed until our sides hurt us. I never before or since did feel so grand. . . I felt bully, I tell you."

"Hon. Jeff Davis spoke substantially as follows, as near as I can remember:

"SOLDIERS OF THE FIRST TENNESSEE REGIMENT: I should have said captains, for every man among you is fit to be a captain. I have heard of your acts of bravery on every battlefield during the whole war, and

'captains,' so far as my whites are concerned, I today make every man of you a captain, and I say honestly today, were I a private soldier, I would have no higher ambition on earth than to belong to the First Tennessee Regiment."

"You have been loyal and brave; your ranks have never yet, in the whole history of the war, been broken, even though the army was routed; yet, my brave soldiers, Tennessee, all, you have ever remained in your places in the ranks of the regiment, ever subject to the command of your gallant Colonel Field in every battle, march, skirmish, in an advance or a retreat."



Jefferson Davis

"There are on the books of the war department at Richmond, the names of a quarter of a million deserters, yet you, my brave soldiers, captains all, have remained true and steadfast."

"I have heard that some have been disaffected with the removal of Gen. Joe E. Johnston and the appointment of General Hood; but, my brave and gallant heroes, I say, I have done what I thought was best for your good."

"Soon we commence our march to Kentucky and Tennessee. Be of good cheer, for within a short while your faces will be turned homeward, and your feet will press Tennessee soil, and you will tread your native heath, amid the bluegrass regions and pastures green of your native homes."

"We will flank General Sherman out of Atlanta, tear up the railroad and cut off his supplies, and make Atlanta a perfect Moscow of defeat to the Federal Army. Situated as he is in the enemy's country, with his communications all cut off, and our army in the rear, he will be powerless, and being fully posted and confident of our position, and of the Federal army, this movement will be the ULTIMA THULE, the grand crowning stroke for our independence, and the conclusion of the war."

1884-1964

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PROGRESS OF NASHVILLE AND  
ITS SURROUNDING AREA, FOR  
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life insurance he is, in fact,  
doing the same thing our  
soldiers were doing in 1864  
— striving to preserve a  
way of life.

A man who has

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never has to worry about  
how his family will get  
along without him.  
Because he took the time  
to buy life insurance,  
his family will be able to

maintain their same  
standard of living.

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agent today. When  
you do, the battle's over,  
And you've won it.

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Insurance Company of Tennessee

HOME OFFICE NASHVILLE











# A 'Secesh Scratch-Cat' Finally Married a Yank

HOW DID Nashville's girls take to the boys in blue, who ruled the city with military clickety-clack for three long years?

It's safe to say that the girls who stayed home shared the antagonism for the Federals held by citizens in general. For the most part, there was no love lost between Yankee soldiers and Nashvillians. The mutual hostility was so thick you could cut it with a knife.

Any Christmas that passed in the city during those years could have been called a "blue Christmas." In 1862 Nashville's Daily Union, in its editions for Dec. 24-25, made just one reference to Christmas. And that said:

"The public are hereby notified that there will be no passes issued from this office on Christmas Day."

"Permits to carry merchandise beyond the lines of this army will not be granted."

That order was signed by Federal General W. S. Rosecrans, in command at Nashville. What it meant was that no Nashville girl, wife or mother could carry a scarf, a pair of shoes or a pound cake to a sweetheart, a husband or a son in Bragg's Confederate army at Murfreesboro. The same thing applied, of course, when Hood's troops were camped just outside the city during the Battle of Nashville.

## A Military City

A Federal writer described how Nashville looked during the occupation:

"Nashville was now a military city. It was girdled with a waist of formidable fortifications and encircled by a zone of warlike camps."

"Its proud capitol, graceful and beautiful upon the crown of a rocky hill, was a castle frowning with great guns on its battlements and bristling with glittering bayonets."

"The streets were barricaded with cotton and earthen parapets. St. Cloud Hill, once the cynosure of the Rock, was a menacing fortress grinning at traitors in the rear and scowling at armed rebels in front."

"The tramp of hated soldiery, and the ominous rumble of cannon wheels echoed in the stony streets. A sad mixture of luxury and desolation excited generous commiseration. The dwellings were full of rich furniture, but the markets were bare and money scant. Most of the able-bodied male population had gone to war. Scarcely a score of hale young men remained in the city."

"There had been mourning in almost every leading family, and there was we in store which they had not drawn."



Boys in blue get not so much as a smile from a passing belle of old Nashville.

Newspaper advertisements during the occupation indicate, in spite of this report, that not all the markets were bare. A housewife could buy groceries — if she had Federal money.

## Fresh Oysters

Bacon, ham, sugar, soap, fish, starch, brooms and other supplies were available. Prices were not printed — perhaps because they were so high as to be unmentionable.

The Capital Restaurant and

Oyster Saloon on Cedar Street advertised that it was "always supplied with all delicacies of the season — fresh oysters, game and fish, and also fancy groceries and confections."

The fact was that the people of the city, as the war went on year after year, had little with which to celebrate Christmas, or any other holiday. William Lamers writes:

"In wealthy homes pantries were bare, silver coffee pots empty, and fine china plates held scanty rations... Money was scarce."

If any Southern sympathizer did have money, military Gov. Andrew Johnson planned to relieve them of it. He would use it, he said, for a charitable purpose. A number of wives and children of Confederate soldiers were without support, and Johnson proposed to help them by collecting money from people who had it — at the point of the bayonet.

Johnson then levied assessments against all "rebels" who refused to take the loyalty oath. And these reluctant philanthropists had to dig deep, whether they wanted to or not.

Among the leading Nashvillians who were forced to contribute were John Overton, Washington Barrow, Neill S. Brown, Mrs. Laetitia Brown, Dr. W. K. Bowling and Dr. W. A. Cheatham. Overton, under a heavy assessment, finally took the oath to escape financial ruin.

But despite all the antagonism and misery in the air, boys and girls did sometimes have an eye for each other.

such cases are mentioned by Mrs. James E. Caldwell in her memories of wartime Nashville.

One of the best known weddings of a Nashville girl with a Federal officer was that of Miss Ida Hamilton, a cousin of John Thompson, to Gen. Gates Thurston.

It was said that the couple met during the war at Glen Leven, Thurston, then a Federal colonel, was stationed nearby. When the colonel came in the parlor, Ida Hamilton fanned out of the room, holding her voluminous skirts tightly so they wouldn't brush the hated blue uniform. She must have made some cutting remark, since Thurston called her a "Secesh scratch-cat."

## Romance Wins

In the end, however, romance triumphed. The year after the war was over the

colonel, now a general, was stationed in Nashville with the army of occupation, and

Ida Hamilton consented to be his wife.

Ida's mother, called "Aunt Louie" by Mrs. Mary T. Orr, who lives in Nashville today, disapproved of the marriage, as did the rest of the family. The general could marry her daughter, she said, but he must not wear that blue uniform at the wedding.

Thurston was willing to go along with this—until he visited the minister's study at First Presbyterian Church, where the wedding was to take place. There, behind the altar, hung pictures of Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee. The sight so incensed Thurston that he showed up for the wedding wearing his blue regimentals after all.

But that turned out all right, because "Aunt Louie" didn't see him. She couldn't bring herself to come down and see her daughter married to a Yankee general.

General Thurston

"... a battle of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes"

Sir Edward S. Creasy "The 15 Decisive Battles of the World"

as if he were an eye-witness . . . .

**STANLEY F. HORN**

accurately and colorfully wraps up each event of . . . .

**"THE DECISIVE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE"**



The Decisive Battle of Nashville

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☐ Charge my established account ☐ Remittance enclosed

NAME . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . .

CITY . . . . . ZONE . . . . . STATE . . . . .

## An Angel Stands Over All

The Battle of Nashville monument, originally dedicated as the Peace monument, stands on Franklin Road at Thompson Lane. The monument was erected and dedicated in 1927 by Ladies' Battle-field Association through the efforts of its president, Mrs. James E. Caldwell.

The two charging steeds at the base of the monument, representing the North and South, are held in check by a youth symbolical of later generations in America's two world wars. Atop the monument the angel of peace looks down on the bronze figures and protects them with her wings.

Sculptor of the monument was G. Moretti, and funds were contributed by patriotic citizens of Tennessee and other states.



Peace Monument On Franklin Road

## SCREEN DOOR IN THE NAUTILUS?

. . . no, of course not.

BUT IT IS

## AIR CONDITIONED

—Yes, built into the U.S. Atomic Sub Nautilus, is a unique air circulation and temperature control system . . . BUILT BY CARRIER. An "air conditioned submarine" may sound strange to you, but believe-you-me, it is essential to the welfare of its crew, especially when the temperatures within the sub may vary as much as 100 degrees. The tremendous heat generated by its nuclear reactors produces steam for its propulsion, and any seaman knows how hot a turbine room can get and he also knows how cold a ship can get below the waterline.

Carrier engineers developed a unit for this great submarine that efficiently balances these varying temperatures without any connection with the sea outside.

CLOSER TO HOME we find that Nashville's giant municipal auditorium has an air conditioning system that was designed to cope with the tremendous temperatures that can build up under a dome roof 600 feet in diameter. Four Carrier centrifugal units of 1400 ton capacity were installed and have worked beautifully and have functioned with power to spare.

In more homes, offices, stores and factories than any other make **AIR CONDITIONER . . .**



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## In Commemoration

# Concert Dec. 11 To Launch Battle Centennial Program

THE commemoration program for the centennial of the Battle of Nashville will start at 8 p.m. Dec. 11 with a Civil War concert at the Nashville Municipal Auditorium. Admission will be 50 cents.

Program chairman for the opening concert is Jack DeWitt, president of radio station WSM, with Robert Evans Cooper as his assistant. Music will be by the United States Continental Air Command band, commanded by Capt. Loren Johnson. Also featured will be songs by Win Stracke, folk singer, and dramatic monologues from the speeches of Lee and Lincoln.

On Dec. 12 and 13 a relics display of firearms, edged weapons, ammunition and accoutrements will be held at the Parthenon under the direction of M. Hume Parks. Letters, diaries and maps will be displayed. Admission is free.

At 10 a.m. on the morning of Dec. 12 a Civil War parade will be held in Centennial Park. Parade marshal will be Maj. Gen. Van D. Nunnally, adjutant general of Tennessee, and assistant parade marshal will be Col. Harrell E. Webb of the Tennessee Army National Guard. Protocol officer will be Col. Campbell Brown, U.S.A. (Ret.)

## Parade Units

Parade units will include reactivated Confederate and Union units of various branches of the service, descendants of soldiers who fought in the Battle of Nashville and modern militaries.

On Saturday afternoon Dec. 12, at 2 o'clock, a reenactment of the battle will be held in the steeplechase area at Percy Warner Park on Old Hickory boulevard. The reenactment, showing four phases of the battle, will be directed and coordinated by Hal R. Swann Jr.

On Sunday, Dec. 13 at 2 p.m. the Battle of Nashville monument at Franklin road and Thompson Lane will be rededicated. The rededication is sponsored by affiliated chapters of the Nashville UDC, with Mrs. Ray B. Scarborough as chairman of the rededication committee.

Address by Clement  
The program will include an address by Gov. Frank Clement, the placing of a wreath at the foot of the monument by the 30th Armored Division.

On Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, the National Confederate dead will be held at Mount Olivet Cemetery on Lebanon road, sponsored by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston Camp No. 24, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Finer D. Whitman, commanding. A memorial address will be delivered by John May, national commander, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

An hour later, at 4 p.m., a memorial service for Union dead will be held at the National Cemetery on Gallatin road under the sponsorship of Nashville Post No. 5, American Legion, with John E. Bosworth as chairman of the program committee. A memorial address will be delivered by Joe C. Carr, secretary of state of the Tennessee.

On Shy's Hill  
On Dec. 16 at 4 p.m. a memorial service will be held on Shy's Hill at Gray White and Harding Place, in honor of the men who died on the hill during the crucial moment of the battle. The program is sponsored by the Confederate Historical Society of Nashville, Franklin McCord, president. A memorial address will be delivered by Hugh Walker.

Members of the Davidson

County Civil War Centennial Committee are: Sam Davis Bell, chairman; Col. C. M. Dorland, chairman, steering committee; Dr. John Lee Farringer Jr., assistant to chairman; Davidson County committee: James A. Hardin, executive director; Lytton Clark, treasurer; Mrs. Charles B. Jorday, office secretary; Mrs. Ray Scarborough, secretary; Mrs. Robert D. Hatcher, secretary.



Sam Davis Bell  
Leads committee

Paul H. Beasley, chairman, program committee; Richard Leon Cornwell, parade coordinator; Jack DeWitt, chairman musical program; Malcolm H. Parks, chairman displays committee; Hal R. Swann Jr., chairman and director of reenactment; Russell Nichol, chairman housing; James L. Bailey, Judge Allen Cornelius Jr., chairman educational program; Reynold Dorris, C. Buford Gatto, Tom Mayhew, George W. McKurtry, James W. Perkins Jr., George Spence, Hugh Walker, Finer D. Whitman.

Ex-officio members are Mayor Beverly Briley, Stanley F. Horn, state centennial chairman; J. P. Lawrence, state centennial vice chairman; Col. Campbell H. Brown,

state centennial executive director.

Members of the steering committee include Dorland, Bell, Farringer, Hardin and DeWitt, members of the county committee listed above, and the following: R. W. Wessner, vice chairman; H. C. Daniels, public relations; Maj. Gen. Van D. Nunnally Jr., parade marshal; James H. Armistead, Andrew Benedict Jr., John E. Bosworth, Dr. Richard C. Cannon, William R. Douglas, William F. Earhart Jr., Bert Elmore, Gayle Gupton, Fred Harvey Jr., Edward Jones, Lt. Col. Mitchell A. Marshall, Ralph McGee, Dr. Oscar Neal, George Nordhaus, Alfred Sharp Jr., John Sloan, James P. Wilson and W. W. Young.

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1864 1964  
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torn time . . . presents, here, its part of the 6 phases

in Nashville's progress over a century. The beginning,

of course, is with . . . PEOPLE . . . LOVEMAN'S always

has placed the individual in the center as the measure

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inspired to please the most important people on earth,

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PRINCIPLES as passed on from Mr. Loveman, who in

1862 conducted business in his home at 4th and Church,

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back to us again and again. This kind of value makes its own

definite contribution to the customer's PROSPERITY,

and whenever a customer reaps benefits relative to his well-

being . . . it's a real PLEASURE for both of us. All our

interests are closely tied to people and we delight

in serving them well. So with a great tradition, yet

with a viewpoint that looks to the future . . . now

PROPHECY . . . LOVEMAN'S looks forward with Middle

Tennessee and the South to continued progress

through the next 100 years. LOOK FOR US!

We'll Be There!

LOVEMAN'S

HIS CENTER and MEADE

Turn to P4



As shells burst above her, Miss Clark enters Glen Leven.

—Staff Artist Jim Young

## Yankee Bullets Didn't Scare Miss Clark and Her Mule

S. A. Cunningham was a day late when he wrote his first account of an anniversary tour of the Nashville battlefield, 75 years ago. He went over the ground on Dec. 17, 1889, and his report appeared two days later in The Nashville American. Cunningham was later to become the editor of The Confederate Veteran.

"Fortune favored the occasion," Cunningham wrote, "by attention from Mr. John M. Thompson and Col. John Overton, who were there at the time, and remembered vividly and much in detail what occurred." Since Cunningham himself had fought in the battle as a Confederate soldier, the field was thus being inspected by a trio of veterans.

As the party drove westward across the battlefield, John Thompson told the story of a young lady teacher who, on the first day of the battle, was teaching her school where Caldwell Lane now enters Franklin Road, a site later occupied by the Woolwine school. This teacher, a Miss Clark, was staying at the Thompson residence, Glen Leven, at the time of the battle.

As the young teacher started home that afternoon she was riding in a buggy behind a slow mule . . . because horses had been confiscated by the Federal Army. As she drove her buggy homeward, the battle had well begun . . .

and she was driving through the "no-man's-land" between the two armies. Bullets whined overhead and struck the branches of trees. Port Negley cannon hurled shells toward Confederate lines.

### In No Hurry

Miss Clark's mule was not to be hurried, however. The battle was none of his business, and he wasn't concerned with it. In due time he arrived at Glen Leven, and the young teacher showed she was no more frightened than her mule. She took her time, got deliberately out of her buggy and walked . . . not ran . . . into the house.

The battlefield tourists, riding behind one of John Thompson's thoroughbreds, drove over across the Granny White Pike to Compton's Hill, later called Shy's Hill. "We went to the old breastworks," Cunningham wrote, "and certain stories that projected, were amazingly familiar."

As he traveled over that field, memories came back to Cunningham. "This was a sad, sad day," he wrote. "The writer was almost treading the tracks of a company officer when the upper part of his head was shot off in speaking of this terrible day Mrs. Overton, whose memory is acute, said: 'The Judgment Day could hardly be worse!'"

### The Stone Fence

Eastward from the pike the buggy riders followed the carriage road by the old stone fence which marked the northern boundary of Leland, Cunningham noted that "We followed the fence for nearly a mile which was used for our breastworks, but much of it

was then knocked entirely down, while many of the trees now standing were scarred by bullet and shell. The line was continued by earthen works across the Franklin Pike where the Hermitage stable is located and in which there are \$100,000 worth of fine horses." A part of this property is now (1964) owned by Col. Gilbert Dorland.

One hundred years later the stone wall used as a "breastwork" in 1864 is still standing, perhaps in better shape than it was in 1863. The old carriage road, now a bridge path, can be followed from Sewanee Road, near Granny White Pike, east across Leland Lane and southeast to Tyne boulevard.

The men talked and reminisced of the battle. One remarked that General Hood, at the end of the first day's fighting, said he expected to "take Nashville." Cunningham, having fought in the battle, thought this a strange remark.

### 'Dare Not Tarry'

"True we did effective work on the first day," he recalled, "but the writer was sent that night to our right wing to order a removal of infantry corps and weapons which were exposed, and returning in the night stopped at Flat Rock, the home of Mr. Wesley Greenfield, and lay down before a first rest. But realizing there was no protection against the enemy, he explained his conclusion of the danger, and felt that he dare not tarry."

Colonel Overton's house was the headquarters of the Confederate Army all the while it confronted Nashville. During the time that Overton was much with Hood and sums up his character in these words: "He was a good man, but he was headed as a brick. Again referring to the Confederate defeat he said, 'Poor Hood! He was a gallant fellow, but the fight at Franklin ruined his army.'"

### Old Confederate

"The most conspicuous old Confederate in the country," wrote Cunningham of Col. John Overton, who was "becoming venerable" in 1889. "True, our reports added, 'he did not carry a gun often, and he never claimed the prize of \$11 a month, but he struggled and suffered with the Confederates and won't go back on them, cost what it may.'"

Overton told Cunningham the only thing he ever did he was ashamed of was to go to Gov. Andrew Johnson for "\$20,000 clause" and his property was being confiscated. When he told Johnson what he was there for the governor abused him as a "damned abolitionist."

Dr. J. A. Lyon, a Presbyterian preacher from Mississippi who was in Alabama or Tennessee near by, Lyon told the governor he was doing wrong about Overton. "Mississippi to say that Lyon was an aristocrat, he asserted, or although the colonel was a wealthy man, he was far from being an aristocrat."

### Weary of War

Old soldier Cunningham, thinking of his experiences of 25 years before, ended his report with a telling comment on the battle. He concluded:

"Ah what an awful day in the country south of Nashville 25 years ago! Tennessee, who had waded in blood and snow to maintain possession of their homes were driven away never to return but as paroled prisoners. The Battle of Nashville fought against piteous odds and under circumstances so depressing as to almost destroy manhood. . . . The best of which consequence during the war. Those who witnessed it and wanted the end to come, whichever way it might, wanted the Federal commanding officers cashiered for not doing more effective service for not capturing Hood's entire army."

### Not So Sorry

Another Nashvillean, Lt. James L. Cooper, also indicated in his journal that people were tired of the war, and happy to see the end. Cooper was at Eatonton, Georgia when the end came, and he wrote:

"Crowds of men from Lee's and Johnston's armies now filled up the village of Eatonton and one would have thought from the mirth and gaiety that prevailed that our armies had been successful. . . . All went as happily as you please."

"At our house all felt very blue at the turn our affairs were taking, but we all sorrowed there was a feeling of relief that the war was at last over, and they were at liberty to go home once more. I am afraid if the truth were known at that time we were not so sorry as we should have been."

Members of the Davidson

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SHRUBS EVERGREENS TREES

Established  
1868

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Come—Bring the family and friends and have the greatest of fun at Tennessee's most delightful vacation spot.

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SQUARE  
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IN THE TREMENDOUS CAVE ENTRANCE  
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OPEN MAY 5

## RUSKIN CAVE RESORT

Yellow Creek Road, Dickson, Tenn. VANLEER 9-441  
Owned and Operated by Nashville Swimming Pool Co.



# AUTHENTIC MAP OF THE Battlefield of Nashville.

Dec. 15-16th, 1864.

Drawn by Wilbur F. Foster,  
Major Engineer Corps, C. S. A.

EDGEFIELD

Cumberland River

NASHVILLE

LEBANON

CHICKEN PIKE

MURFREESBORO PIKE

Wood  
Terrass

To Chattanooga R.

To Columbia Tenn. R.

To Nashville Pike

Greenfield

John Overton

EXPLANATIONS,

Confederate Advanced Lines.

Confederate Lines, Morning,  
Dec. 15th.

Confederate Lines, 1 P.M.,  
Dec. 15th.

Confederate Lines from Morn  
to 4 P.M., Dec. 16th.

Federal Lines 3 P.M., Dec. 15th.

Federal Lines, 4 P.M., Dec. 16th.

Scale of Miles.

Rand, McNally & Co., Engr's, Chicago.

Third National Bank

John Overton

Steedman

Wood

Stewart

John M. Lea

Granny White

Chalmer's Cav.

Richland Creek

Sugar Tree

Old Church

Montgomery

Wharton

Owen

Fesler

Bosley

N. W. Pike

Richland

Demoss

Gen. A. J. Smith

Fort Gillem

Hyde's Ferry

Blanco

Whites Creek

Church Pike

Brick Pike

Louisville

Branch Pike

Interior

Manned

Fort Houston

Fort Nagley

Fort Morton

Fort Casino

Fort Horton

Merritt

Hamilton

Berry

Wood's

Foster

Brown

Vaulx

Norvell

Plater

Thompson

Franklin Pike

Steedman

Wood

Bradford

Smith

Stewart

John M. Lea

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Merritt

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Plater

Thompson

Franklin Pike

Steedman

Wood

Bradford

Smith

Stewart

John M. Lea

Granny White

Chalmer's Cav.

Richland Creek

Sugar Tree

Old Church

Montgomery

Wharton

Owen

Fesler

Bosley

N. W. Pike

Richland

Demoss

Gen. A. J. Smith

Fort Gillem

Hyde's Ferry

Blanco

Whites Creek

Church Pike

Brick Pike

Louisville

Branch Pike

Interior

Manned

Fort Houston

Fort Nagley

Fort Morton

Fort Casino

Fort Horton

Merritt

Hamilton

Berry

Wood's

Foster

Brown

Vaulx

Norvell

Plater



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